

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

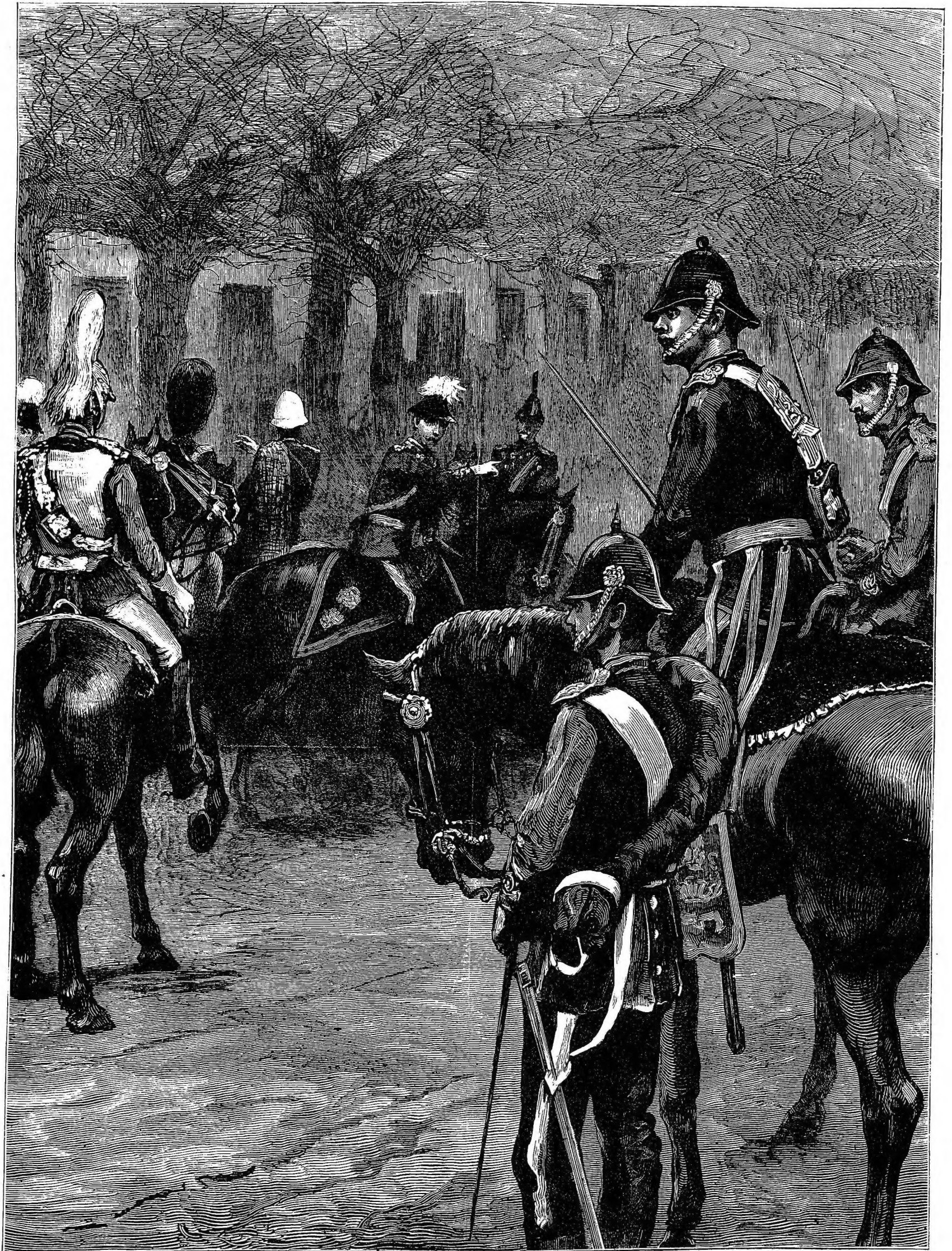
No. 678.—VOL. XXVI.

Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

PRICE SIXPENCE
[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—A SKETCH IN THE MALL: "THE QUEEN IS COMING!"

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.—There have been many rumours lately regarding the approaching retirement of Mr. Gladstone; and it is certain that the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon be transferred to other hands. It may be doubted, however, whether he is likely for the present to think seriously of withdrawing altogether from public life. To a man of his temperament, who has spent half-a-century in Parliament, politics must be of absorbing interest; and now that the House of Commons is recovering control over its business, he must be anxious to secure the triumph of some, at least, of the measures which he is pledged to introduce. Certainly the Radicals have good reason to hope that the longing for rest which he occasionally expresses is but a passing mood; for no political party in England has ever profited more by a statesman than the Radicals have profited by Mr. Gladstone. To any one who did not know this country well, and who judged only by the history of the last two years, it would seem almost self-evident that English Liberalism and English Radicalism mean exactly the same thing. Yet every Englishman knows that there are many Liberals who do not care to call themselves Radicals. Whiggism in its old form—that is, the kind of Whiggism which meant the predominance of a few great families—may be practically dead; but Mr. Gladstone has a large body of supporters who regard with suspicion the ultimate aims of his “extreme” followers, and who think that the time must come by-and-by for advancing very much less rapidly than we are doing now. Mr. Gladstone's genius and fame enables him to keep the party together; but who among his colleagues would inherit anything like his vast influence? There are Liberals of great eminence both in the Cabinet and out of it; but the most prominent of them (except Mr. Bright, who does not count) are, when compared with Mr. Gladstone, men of the second rank. Under Lord Hartington, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Sir Charles Dilke, the Liberal party would by no means always present a united front. On such a question as Disestablishment, or even on some questions connected with the Land Laws, the descendants of the Whigs would take their own course, while the Radicals would take theirs; and the Conservatives would know how to benefit by the misunderstandings of their opponents. All this is seen clearly enough by the Radical party, and explains the eagerness with which they urge Mr. Gladstone to lose no time in fulfilling the “mandate” of the present Parliament.

THE RETURN OF THE CAMPAIGNERS.—Our soldiers and sailors, on their return from Egypt, have been welcomed with a heartiness which is truly remarkable. Whether in the act of disembarking from the troop-ships, or being entertained at dinners by their fellow-citizens, or being reviewed in St. James's Park, or having decorations pinned on their breasts by their Sovereign, their presence has everywhere been the signal for an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm. Does this *furor* indicate that we are farther than ever removed from the realisation of the dreams indulged in by the Peace Society, according to which, in all international disputes, arbitration shall take the place of horrid War? Scarcely so. It is not necessary to suppose that the idolisation of the heroes of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir proves a retrogression towards barbarism. On the contrary, war—at all events, war against a fairly-matched foe—is regarded with more dread than formerly, partly because campaigning is much more costly than it was, partly because the modern recruit, owing to education and enlightenment, is more averse to being shot at than his simpler-minded grandfather. The recent enthusiasm may, we think, be explained on other grounds. In the first place, half the population, and that the fairer and (shall we say?) the better half, are always ready to admire red-coats and blue-jackets. Their admiration is based on the belief that courage and the acceptance of dangerous duties are the ordinary virtues of soldiers and sailors. After a bout of active service, during which opportunities of displaying courage have occurred, and when dangerous duties have been actually performed, this feminine admiration is shared by a large number of the male sex, and especially by those whose lives are monotonous and unadventurous. Besides this, too, there is a general feeling that the campaign, as a campaign, has been skilfully carried out. As soldiers, the Egyptians may not be foemen especially worthy of British steel, yet it is easy to see, judging by the deplorable sickness prevailing among the garrison left in Egypt, that a few mistakes or delays might have landed us in another Walcheren. People, too, are pleased, after our retirement from the Transvaal and Afghanistan, that at last our troops have been allowed to win a decisive victory. But Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will be grievously mistaken if they suppose that the approval of the conduct of the campaign also implies unanimous approval of the war. There are a great many people who believe that the war was unjustifiable, that it might reasonably have been avoided, and that it has involved us in complications of which no man can see the end. Nor is it altogether improbable that some of this discontent showed itself in the result of the Salisbury election.

THE JOYCES.—It has long been known to people concerned with ethnology rather than with modern politics that many of the natives of the West of Ireland are more on the level of New Zealanders than of Englishmen. The Joyce trial has made this evident, even to politicians. Here we have a tribe, rather than a more civilised community, dwelling apart from modern life, speaking a dying language, ignorant of English, and owning no Government but that of a bloody secret society worthy of the Admiralty Islands. The first of the convicted murderers displayed an astounding skill in lying. So confident were their impious assertion of innocence, after conviction, so strongly did they express their faith in the Virgin's consciousness of their freedom from guilt, that English readers of the case could hardly feel certain that, after all, the evidence was not forsworn. But their accomplices have tired of the farce of innocence, and have confessed that they accomplished and abetted a hideous massacre of a kindred family, without personal motives. They only did the bidding of some concealed and ruthless power, whose secret they will probably carry with them to the scaffold. Physical combined with superstitious fear must be at the bottom of this reticence, for honour can have nothing to do with it. Ireland suffers as much as China from secret murderous societies, kept together by the oath, and by fear of the knife.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.—The election going on at the University of Cambridge has suggested to a good many people the question whether, after all, the Universities benefit much by having special Parliamentary representatives. There is, to say the least, room for doubt about the matter. In Mr. Walpole, for instance, the University of Cambridge had a very good representative, but his authority on subjects connected with the Universities was certainly not greater than that of Mr. Bryce, or, indeed, of a score of other members—some of them Liberals, others Conservatives. A University can profit by having a representative of its own only if he is known to have made “the higher education” a subject of profound study, and if his position in literature or science is such as to command general attention. Sir John Lubbock does excellent work for the University of London, and the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's could scarcely have sent a better man to St. Stephen's than Dr. Lyon Playfair. These, however, are exceptional University representatives; as a rule, the members for this particular class of constituencies are party men, like their neighbours, and not unfrequently they have been almost grotesquely unfitted for what are supposed to be their special duties. Unless there is a very decided change in this respect, we may be sure that even graduates will by-and-by have to content themselves with the possession of a single vote. It is to be regretted that the Conservatives at the University of Cambridge did not take these things into account before accepting Mr. Raikes as their candidate. Mr. Raikes may have all the virtues attributed to him by his friends; but why he, rather than anybody else, should represent a University, even his friends are unable to say. Professor Stuart ought to have had a rival with claims having at least some affinity to his own.

ARABI'S ALLEGED CRIMES.—At the conclusion of the famous trial, “Bardell v. Pickwick,” Mr. Weller pathetically said to his son, “Oh! Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi?” So we with equal pathos may ask, “Why is there an Arabi?” Why did we not either shoot him on the spot, or transport him to some distant dependency—Fiji, for example? Anything rather than hand him over to the present nominal ruler of Egypt, who only sits on his throne by the grace of British bayonets. The past, however, cannot be recalled; and, whether Arabi be acquitted or condemned, the responsibility of his fate will rest on us. No doubt, if the Khédive and his fellow-counsellors were really free to follow out their own devices, they would, in the most summary Oriental fashion, make short work of Arabi and his comrades in adversity. But Englishmen will demand stringent proof of his guilt, and the guilt must be of a special kind, before they consent to his death. For example, no doubt he is technically a rebel, even though his revolt was sanctioned by his Suzerain in Constantinople; but we cannot allow him to be executed merely for rebellion. The burning and looting of Alexandria is a more dubious matter. The deed, it seems, was done, not by plundering Bedouins, but by organised bodies of Egyptian soldiers; and if so, the burning, if not ordered by Arabi, must at least have been permitted by him. Yet, with the precedent of Moscow before us, such incendiarism may fairly be argued to be a lawful act of war. Lastly, the massacre of June 11th. This is the most damning charge of all. Some people may urge that if the British Fleet had been snugly anchored at Malta, instead of hectoring in front of the Alexandria forts, there would have been no massacre at all. This may be so. Still, up to that moment there was peace between Europeans and natives; nor was the outbreak a sudden riot; it seems to have been deliberately contrived. If the evidence of Soleyman Bey Sami can be trusted, that Arabi knew beforehand of the intended massacre, and approved of it, he certainly deserves death at least as thoroughly as the numerous wretches who have already suffered at Alexandria for their share in the atrocities of that terrible day.

MR. BECKFORD'S BOOKS.—There is a great contrast between the valuable books in the Sunderland and Beckford collections. The nobleman who formed the Sunderland Library bought all editions of all classics, he even had a taste—rare, we imagine, in his time—for curiosities like the little early Rabelais, which brought 360*l*. But for bindings he cared little or nothing, and the House of Marlborough permitted the covers of his books to fall as much into decay as circumstances prompted. Mr. Beckford, on the other hand, read all his books, many of them not interesting now, and annotated them freely. The author of “Vathek” had the soul of a captious reviewer. His notes on Gibbon show a kind of personal spleen. “Once fairly kicked off from your lofty bedizened stilts, you will be reduced to your just level and true standard.” But the serene historian keeps his pride of place. Mr. Beckford would annotate the most worthless contemporary books, and he usually had them bound with unnecessary splendour. But as the Cyprians set their best gems in the poorest settings, Beckford had Keats' poems “murderously half-bound.” Of the “Memoir of the Family of Grace” he wrote: “Of all the idle braggadocio pedigree books, this is the most consummately flummeracious.” In spite of the absence of works of enormous value, like the Sunderland Petrarch, the excellent condition of Beckford's books and their outward beauty have made their average price much higher than that of the rival collection.

M. DE GIERS AT VARZIN.—Much of what has been said about the visit of M. de Giers to Prince Bismarck is, of course, mere gossip; but there can be no doubt that the incident is one of great significance. If it does not mean that the alliance of the Three Emperors is about to be restored forthwith, it certainly does imply that the Czar is anxious to improve his relations with his immediate neighbours. It is interesting to contrast his present policy with that which he was supposed to favour during his father's lifetime. Then it was universally believed that he disliked the Germans, that he was jealous of their success in war, and that when he mounted the throne he would strive to establish a good understanding with France. The change of his ideas may be explained without much difficulty. In the first place, the internal condition of Russia is so bad that he cannot afford to prepare for war; and, in the second place, even if he wished to hasten on the struggle between Slav and Teuton, he knows now that he cannot trust to the French alliance. France evidently intends to remain quiet for some time, and every advance made to her from St. Petersburg she is understood to have received coldly. Fortunately England has nothing to lose, and may have a good deal to gain, by the revival of cordiality between Russia, Germany, and Austria. The only foreign questions in which we are directly interested at present are those relating to Egypt; and it is well known that in the treatment of these questions Russia has not been disposed to be friendly towards us. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, has taken the English view of the matter all along; and his influence over the Russian Government is likely to be steadily exerted in support of our policy.

FRANCE IN THE TROPICS.—It was in the middle of the last century that France lost her opportunity of possessing a mighty Colonial Empire. The fate of India and of Canada then hung in the balance, till England threw her sword into the scale, and won them. Since that epoch all the waste lands in the temperate zones have been appropriated by ourselves or by other nations, and there remain only intra-tropical regions, unfit for colonisation in the true sense of the word, but capable of being held for the benefit of a limited number of white officials and proprietors, much as Java is held by the Dutch. In such regions as these France has of late years displayed a good deal of self-assertive vigour. It is curious, too, that the France one meets in the tropics is quite a different France to that which is found, say, in the latitude and longitude of Paris. Tropical France is, in politics, Legitimist, or at least, Orleanist; it patronises Christian missionaries, and is eager to spread the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. These are certainly not the characteristics of the France which lies at the other end of the future Channel Tunnel. That France is a land of stern Republicans who are never better pleased than when they are obliterating Christian emblems, or cutting down Archbishops' salaries. This two-headed condition of France involves singular and illogical contradictions. For example, that whole-hog Republican, M. Madier de Montjau, proposes to abolish the Embassy to the Pope. But M. Duclerc gravely replies that “France has religious interests in the East which she cannot abandon without sacrificing her noblest traditions.” A very proper answer in the mouth of a Minister, say, of Henri V., but scarcely consistent with the usual sentiments of the existing Chamber. However, we will let the inconsistency pass, and go on to facts. There are at least three tropical places where at the present moment the action of France is causing anxiety. On the Congo she is supporting M. de Brazza against Mr. H. M. Stanley; she threatens to annex Madagascar; and the Tonquin difficulty may bring her into armed collision with China. It would appear, by the way, that the peremptory gun-boat style of diplomacy affected by the French in Tonquin has done far more harm than good to the Roman Catholic Mission there, and has produced the very persecution which it professed to prevent. Now if France should go to war with China, it will be an

awkward business for us. Our trade with China will certainly be crippled; disputes about blockades and seizures of vessels are sure to arise; and the end will possibly be that we shall be dragged into the quarrel. Perhaps it is just as well that the Channel Tunnel is still unmade.

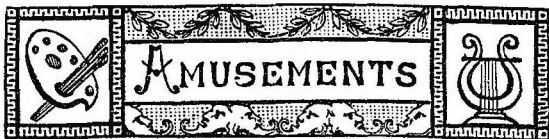
IMPROVING THE GIPSIES.—Three hundred years ago, the gipsies, or Egyptians as they were then called, were treated, as far as the letter of the law went, with merciless severity, being liable to scourging for the mere act of wandering. Yet in those days there were thousands of acres of unenclosed wild land, where they might camp without annoying anybody. The fact, no doubt, was that they were really punished not for their wandering but for their pilfering. They aggrieved the squire by snaring his game, the farmer by robbing his hen-roost, and the cottager by surreptitiously removing linen spread out to dry on the hedgerows. Thus all classes were against them. The modern gipsies are, we fancy, more respectable than their ancestors. Perhaps it is because the police are always keeping them "moving on," like poor Jo in "Bleak House." We do not say that they are never tempted to lay larcenous hands on poultry or petticoats, but they do also follow other industries, more or less legitimate, such as the making of mats and clothes' pegs, the sale of glass and crockery, and the time-honoured telling of fortunes. Indeed, the sins of their forefathers seem rather to have been inherited by the modern tramp, who is very often of the "Irish persuasion," than by the Romany folk. The other night, Mr. Burt asked the Government two questions concerning the gipsies. He wants them looked up both sanitarily and educationally. The Government officials prudently replied that there were considerable difficulties in the way. Our own idea is that in some respects the gipsies may well be envied by other classes of the community. As Disraeli says of the nobility, they contrive to live a great deal in the open air, and this beats the most elaborate sanitary code ever devised by Dr. B. W. Richardson. And then they have hitherto managed to escape being bored by the three R's, the bugbear of modern childhood. After all, one may have a very wholesome education without book-learning. The ancient Persians were taught to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to tell the truth. No reading or writing apparently. Parliament should be asked to apply this Persian system to a race of well-dressed gipsies who infest the City of London, the promoters of joint-stock companies. They certainly can shoot with the long bow (in their prospectuses), but they do not invariably tell the truth.

LORD SALISBURY IN EDINBURGH.—Lord Salisbury deserves credit as a political leader for the courage he exhibits in attacking the stronghold of Scottish Liberalism. Probably he himself has not much hope that the assault will lead to very important consequences. In some respects the tendencies of Scottish opinion are thoroughly Conservative; but in politics the majority of the people have always associated themselves enthusiastically with the Liberal party. Political Conservatism is held to represent the spirit which attempted to thrust "prelatical" forms of Church Government and religious service upon an unwilling nation; and thus a temper which was evoked more than two centuries ago survives amid wholly different conditions. Scottish Liberalism passes triumphantly through the most severe tests. A good many English Liberals, remembering the rhetoric of the Midlothian campaign, are shocked by the war in Egypt; but Scottish Liberals, almost to a man, hardly maintain that the war in Egypt is a brilliant illustration of the truth of Mr. Gladstone's principles as to our duty towards "struggling nationalities." In the same way they contemplated with entire approval the course of events in the Transvaal; and they have never admitted that the Government has made a single false step in Ireland. It is tolerably certain, therefore, that, so far as the relations of parties are concerned, Lord Salisbury (like Sir Stafford Northcote on a recent occasion) will leave Scotland in exactly the position in which he found it; but it does not follow that his visit will be altogether without benefit to his supporters. The Liberals of Scotland have at any rate been compelled to look for a moment at the other side of the shield; and that is something in a country in which the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone is almost as much a dogma as is the infallibility of the Pope in the Roman Church.

GHOSTS.—Whatever the result of the long Belt libel case may be, it proves, at least, that the belief in "ghosts" is a common superstition among sculptors. Whether Mr. Verheyden is a "ghost" or not, it seems a vulgar belief that there are "visions about" in sculptors' studios. We hear mysteriously of artists who can do wonderful works in Rome, but not in London; and this is accounted for by a theory that Italian ghosts are skilled beyond all that has been attained by British spectres. May architects have ghosts? It is certain that Mr. Pecksniff had plenty, and that by some sort of unconscious cerebration he adopted their designs for pumps and schools, whence he sucked much profit. But no one ever heard of a poet who kept a "ghost," except in the modern French play of *Rotten Row*, where the "ghost" is a member of the staff of the *Saturday Review*. The fact is that money is not to be made in these iron times by divine poetry, and nothing but a feeble

satisfaction of vanity is to be won by the bard. So, naturally, he keeps no ghost. Lawyers prefer the services of a "devil," but painters dispense with supernatural aid. Actors, of course, only need "ghosts" in the *Corsican Brothers* and *Hamlet*. The clergy are inspired by cheap "ghosts," who supply lithographed sermons at five shillings apiece. So most professions are more or less haunted.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS.—For binding, the order of pagination must be followed.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE Saturdays, Dec. 2, Dec. 9, Dec. 16, and Dec. 23 at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, 10 to 5.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 7 (Saturday excepted), THE SMILES, TEARS, and FROWNS OF LIFE. Mrs. S. Lane; Mr. J. H. Slater, supported by the powerful company. INCIDENTALS. Sillo and Zetti, J. H. Rowan. Concluding with MAZEPPA, in which Miss Maude Forrester will appear with her matchless steed, "Lightning." Saturday, DICK TURPIN. Miss Maude Forrester. CONCERT. HOUSE ON THE BRIDGE.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. NVE CHART.—EVERY EVENING NEXT WEEK, MISS GENEVIEVE WARD and Company will appear in FORGET-ME-NOT.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—ST. ANDREW'S DAY, NEXT THURSDAY, at Quarter to Eight, GRAND SCOTCH FESTIVAL, in celebration of the VICTORY IN EGYPT. Madame Marie Koze, Madame Trebelli, Mrs. Patti Winter, Madame Farrett, &c.; Mr. Redfern Hollins, Mr. Guilberti, &c. Cornet, J. Levy. Mr. William Carter's Choir. Band and Pipers of the Scots Guards. Organ, Mr. Edwin Bending. 5,000 admissions at 1s.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE & POULTRY SHOW, 1882.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on MONDAY, November 27, admission 5s.; TUESDAY, November 28th, WEDNESDAY, November 29th, and THURSDAY, November 30th, 1s. For excursion trains and other special arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.

The TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on November 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Doors open at 9.30 A.M. The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY NEXT, November 27th. Admission to Three o'clock, 5s.; from Three till Five, 2s. 6d.; after that hour 1s. On TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, admission 1s. Children half price. Entrance doors closed at 8.45 P.M., but on Thursday at 5 P.M. For Excursion Trains see local railway bills. GEORGE BEECH, Secretary, Temple Row, Birmingham.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN). The "TURQUOISE RING" by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely new Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." MORNING PERFORMANCES Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight.—Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. N.B.—Thursday, December 7, the Afternoon Performance will commence at 2.30. Doors open at 2. See daily papers.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES BY ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Waltney. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and a his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

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READY DECEMBER 2ND

THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

THE GRAPHIC.

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A Volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One amusing incident we must find space for here.

An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Coloured Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "GRAPHIC OFFICE" the following suggestive message:—

"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIFE' a widow? Reply paid."

Mr. MILLAIS has now Painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIFE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists to be one of his finest Works, and she will be introduced to the Public at Christmas by "THE GRAPHIC" as

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

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LIST OF TALES:

DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. RALSTON. MILEY MELLACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON. MR. WOOSLEY'S TROUBLES. By F. W. ROBINSON. Etc.

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15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT

See pp. 578 and 579.

SKETCHES IN THE STREETS

"At about 10.30," says our artist, "when my comrade and I arrived on the ground the fog was literally black. He had a ticket for the Downing Street enclosure, I had only a police ticket which did not admit me on to the parade. However, I found no difficulty in going anywhere so far as the police were concerned. When I was challenged by a particularly officious Bobby, a step backwards was an effectual concealment. We did come on a Guardsman showing how the fight was won. I strongly suspect, however, he was keeping the ground, and consequently had not been out of London for many months. He, however, evidently pleased his audience, so I hope he earned his sixpence. When directly opposite the entry to the Horse Guards, and within a very few feet of the walls, we had to ask a mounted officer where we were, who told us as near as he could guess. The carriage in the sketch had been wandering about all over, and couldn't find the parade ground. At last when the sun did come out, it appeared to come almost with a roar, so sudden was the change from darkness to light.

"In Cockspur Street there were various 'rushes' about the statue. Now and again the crowd managed to break the line, but it was easier to break the line from behind when all the crowd behind helped, than it was to do it in front, with all the crowd behind the Volunteers to back them, so, of course, the crowd made great fun of the poor beggars who ran up and down trying to get between the crossed guns of the Volunteers.

"The statue in Cockspur Street was covered, one venturesome gentleman of the 'rough' persuasion being perched right on the shoulders of King George III., holding on by his Royal nose. He was a good-tempered looking rough, though his face wasn't much whiter than George III.'s, and roared his welcome to all the military notables, evidently tickling the fancy of Sir E. Wood, who gave him an elaborate salute."

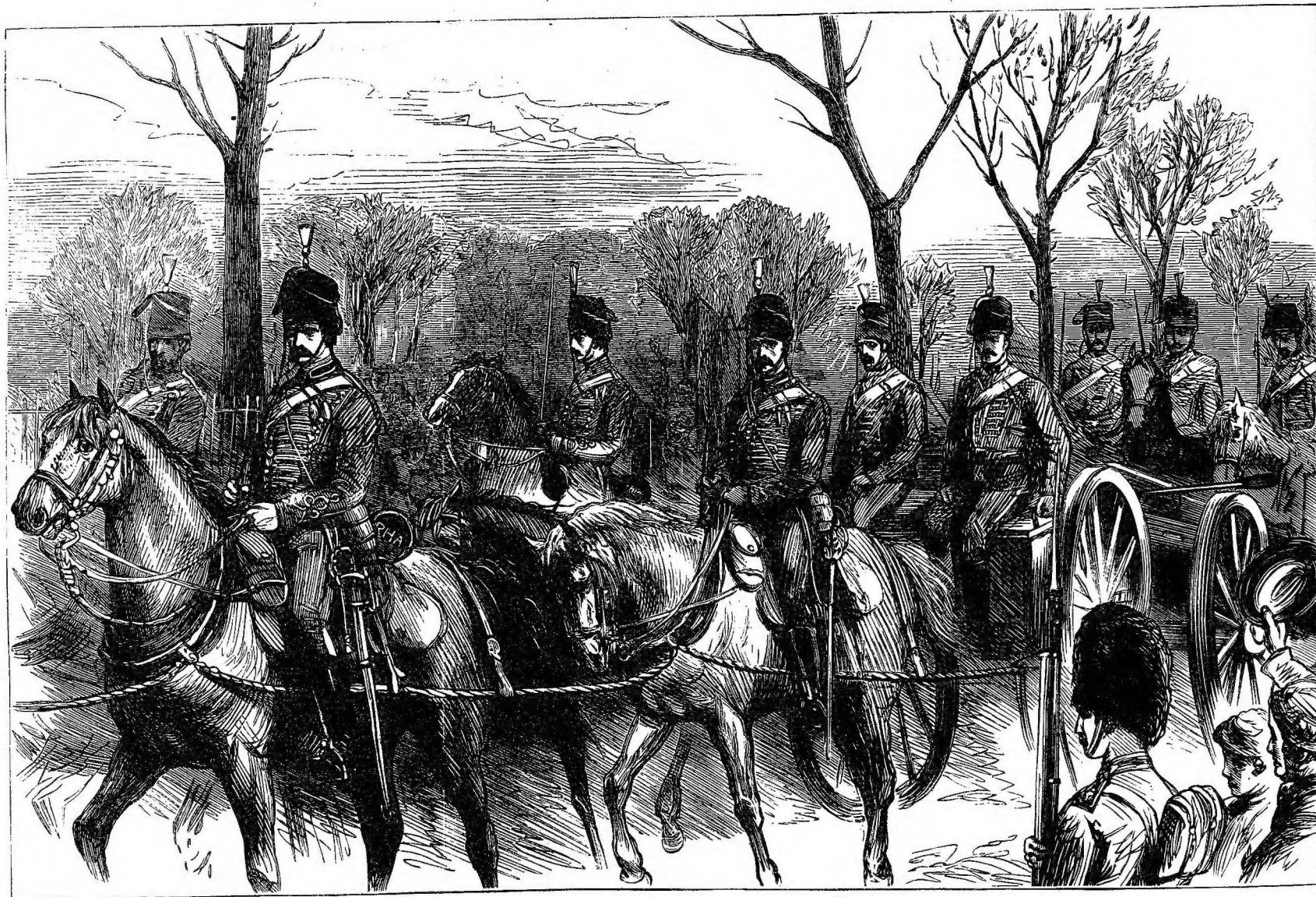
"KIT—A MEMORY"

THE continuation of Mr. Payn's New Story is unavoidably postponed this week, in consequence of our illustration pages being entirely occupied by scenes of the Review of the Troops last Saturday.

NOTE.—The engravings of the Aberfoyle Railway in our last week's issue were from photographs by an amateur photographer, Mr. J. B. Readman, 9, Moray Place, Edinburgh.

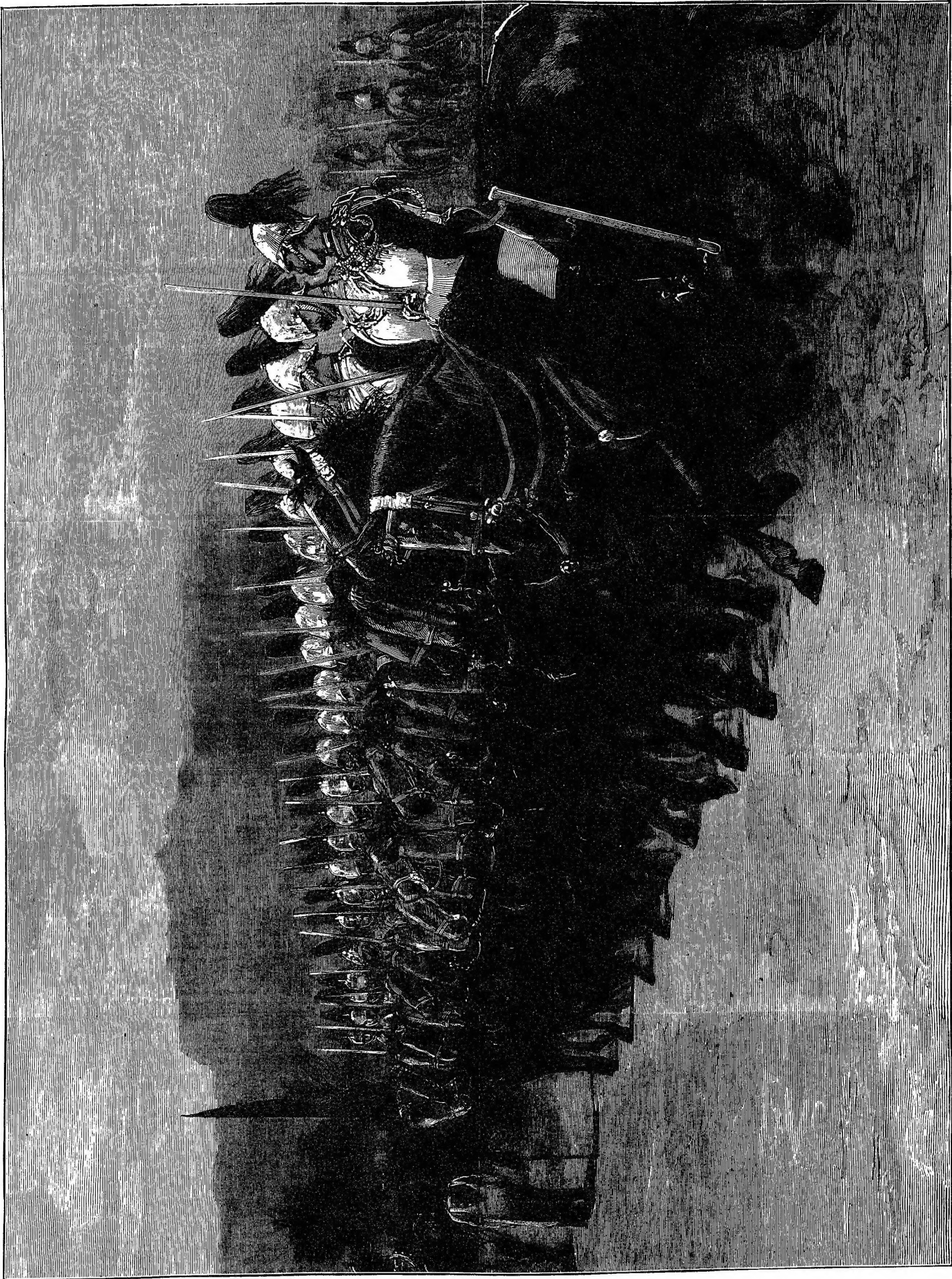


CHELSEA PENSIONERS WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY WHEELING INTO LINE



THE COLD, WHITE FOG which shrouded London on the morning of the 18th, bewildering new arrivals at the railway stations, numbing campaigners fresh from the suns of Egypt, and inspiring dreadful fears that there would be no Review after all, gave place, as if by magic, about noon to veritable "Queen's weather," in which London parks and London streets appeared to all the advantage possible in November. 8,000 policemen, 5,000 Volunteers, and 1,000 of the Household Regiments succeeded admirably in maintaining order in the streets, save at Charing Cross, where irrepressible curiosity broke through the lines, and compelled the rear of the procession to hurry on as best it could through the narrow lane which was kept open for it by immense exertion. Elsewhere the space was ample for the sight-seers, and those who took their positions in the Parks, or at any point to the west of St. James's Street, could scarcely have been advantaged had they been admitted to the sacred precincts of the Horse Guards Parade. It was a representative display of the flower of our little force and its commanders, in which the Naval Brigade, Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers, Guards, Marines, Infantry Regiments, and the Transport Corps—to take them in the order of their march—down to the small detachment of Malta Fencibles, who closed the line, were received, as they well deserved to be, with a genuine outburst of patriotic enthusiasm. The Banquet to the Guards on Monday evening at the Aquarium (where nearly 2,000 sat down to dinner) was graced by the presence of the Duke of Connaught, who extolled, in a very modest little speech, the readiness with which all ranks had shared in the fatigues and difficulties of the past few months; and on Tuesday the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who had specially distinguished themselves in the campaign were decorated at Windsor by the Queen's own hands, after a brief address, whose "clear and measured sentences were heard distinctly over all the Quadrangle." The list of orders and promotions fill several columns in last week's *Gazette*. Sir Garnet, or as he must now be called Lord Wolsley, is made full General, and Sir John Adye, Chief of the Staff, a Grand Cross of the Bath. The promotions comprise one General, one Lieutenant, and one Major-General, eight Colonels, twelve Lieutenant-Colonels, and forty-four Majors; and six officers of the Commissariat and eight of the Medical Department have also been advanced in rank. Orders, including the Mejidieh and Osmanieh, have been so freely distributed that some officers have received three or four. Among the recipients of the Osmanieh are Lord Wolsley himself and Baron Alcester. The banquet of welcome to the medical officers of the Egyptian expedition was given on Tuesday in Willis's Rooms, the chair being taken by Sir W. Jenner. Lord Morley, who was an invited guest, and who spoke highly of the zeal and energy of the Medical Department during the campaign, as attested by the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Wolsley in their letters of excuse for non-attendance, was at pains to state that his Commission of Inquiry was no new thing, but had been contemplated nine months ago, and was "in no sense appointed to inquire into the conduct of individuals or of the Department generally." Sir W. Jenner, in a semi-apologetic speech for presiding at such a meeting, although himself no surgeon, but a simple physician, significantly quoted a remark of Sir James Paget's, that out of 7,039 cases admitted to the hospitals in Egypt up to the 8th of November, only 463 were cases for the surgeons. The real loss of life, we fear, began just when the fighting ended.

A LARGE GATHERING OF REPRESENTATIVE LIBERALS was held on Thursday last week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of Lord Northbrook, for the establishment of a "National Liberal Club" in London for the metropolis and the country. Resolutions were moved by Lord Hartington, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir H. James, and Lord Derby, declaring the institution of such a club a political necessity of the times, recommending the formation of "a political and historical library" in connection with it, "which shall be called the Gladstone Library," and proposing lists of Vice-Presidents and Committee. The first elections for the new club were to take place yesterday.

LORD SALISBURY ARRIVED IN SCOTLAND ON MONDAY, where he is the guest of Mr. A. Balfour, M.P., at Whittinghame. The great banquet of the Scotch Conservative Club came off on Thursday in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, and local Tories grew very enthusiastic over the 7,000 plates which were kept hot on opposite sides of the table, and the sixty-six gallon boiler intended for "the cooking of the haggis." The freedom of the city, voted on Tuesday with only a few dissentients (who objected, not to Lord Salisbury himself, but to the political character of his present visit to the North), will be conferred next Monday in the Council Chamber. —Elsewhere the business of by-elections has been much more interesting than addresses out of Parliament. At Salisbury, where some amusement and more indignation was excited among the graver Liberals by an indiscreet anecdote recounted by Lord Folkestone, touching alleged dissensions in the Cabinet, the Conservatives gained a somewhat conspicuous victory, Mr. Kennard, the defeated of 1880, turning the tables on his former victor by nearly the same majority as he had then against him. At Preston not even the rivalry of two Conservative candidates has emboldened the Liberals to make a struggle for the vacant seat; and at Liverpool Mr. Forwood, President of the Constitutional Association, will return from America to put in his claim for the place lately held by the present Earl of Harrowby. At Cambridge the friends of Professor Stuart have been denouncing Mr. Raikes as the director of no less than ten public companies—a position which they maintain to be inconsistent with the status of a Member for the University, but to which Conservatives, on the other hand, prefer to point as proof conclusive of business capacity. Twice this week Mr. Gladstone has fallen a victim to the arts of the forger. Replying to a correspondent on the Representation of Labour, Mr. Gladstone was represented to have expressed an "earnest desire to see a greater number of working men in the House," but fears it is the fault of the working classes themselves if they are not fully represented. The letter in question has since been disowned.

FROM IRELAND come unpleasant tidings of wide-spread distress among the cottier tenants of the Western coast, in consequence partly of the failure of the potato crop through the wetness of the season, and partly of neglect of their holdings during the recent agitation. The landowners in many places will no longer be able to come to their assistance, as was the case in 1879.—Patrick Delany, the assailant of Mr. Justice Lawson, was committed on Monday for trial before the Commission. A car-driver deposed to having seen him loitering about Fitzwilliam Street, near the Judge's house, on the evening of the outrage. —After the trial and conviction of three of the accused, the case of the Maamtrasna murderers came to an end on Tuesday by a confession of "guilty" on the part of the fourth prisoner—then undergoing trial—and of the four others whose case had not yet come on. Their guilt is believed to be less than that of the three first, who forced the door of the Joyces' cabin, and murdered the inmates with their own hands, and though sentence of "death" has been passed on all alike, the Executive, it is thought, may find some reason for remitting the severest

penalty of the law. Three of the condemned men who had been sent to Galway were hooted by the crowd at the railway station. The execution has been fixed for the 15th of December. —There was a large attendance of Judges and Counsel in the Library of the Four Courts on Monday to witness the presentation of an address on behalf of the Bar of Ireland to Baron Fitzgerald on his retirement. The address, which was read by Serjeant Sherlock, spoke eloquently of "the dignity, impartiality, and gentle courtesy" which had characterised the Baron's long judicial career. —At a meeting to the Dublin subscribers to the testimonial to Lord Wolseley, Dr. Lyons, the chairman, read a letter from the General disclaiming the statements made about him in certain leading articles. Baron Wolseley trusts he may not live to see civil war in any part of Her Majesty's dominions, but "should such a calamity ever befall us as a nation he hopes that he may not have anything to do with it." A motion to confer upon him the freedom of the City of Cork will probably be dropped, as only likely to afford an opportunity for the display of disloyal sentiments. —The statistics of evictions for October give for Ulster 37 evictions, affecting 155 persons; for Leinster the figures are respectively 77 and 282, for Connaught 101 and 590; and for Munster 91 and 509. At an interview last week with the Bishops of Down and Achonry, the Pope is said to have expressed his horror at the outrages in Ireland, and to have charged the Bishops to prevent their flocks from offending against the laws. —Mr. Davitt's lectures on the "Nationalisation of the Land" met with little approval from the Ulster farmers. At Ballymoney he was assailed by a party of Orangemen, and compelled to remain all the evening in his hotel.

THE RESISTANCE OF THE SKYE CROFTERS to their landlords has become more embittered, and the whole island is described as in a state of wild excitement. At a county meeting held at Inverness it was resolved to send additional police into the island, and to permanently increase the constabulary force by fifty men, at a yearly cost of 3,000*l*. Lord Macdonald has offered to submit his dispute with the Braes crofters to arbitration.

AFTER THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OF LABOUR, the Ordnance Survey of Scotland has been at length completed, and the surveying staff was to be withdrawn this week. For the last few years nearly a hundred men have been employed on the work.

THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY COMMITTEE held a final meeting on Saturday last, when mutual congratulations were exchanged, and votes of thanks carried to those who had helped to carry the new Act through Parliament, notably Lords Selborne and Cairns in the Upper, and Mr. Osborne Morgan in the Lower House. The Act, which will make all future wives as perfect mistresses of their own property as though they had remained single, comes into force on New Year's Day.

A TERRIBLE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION at the works of the Burryport Company, near Llanelly, caused the deaths of three girls employed there, and two boys, besides severely injuring seven others. The works consisted of eight small sheds, one of which, at the time of the explosion, had six occupants, while at the door was a boy handing in some warm water. Five of these were blown to pieces on the spot, and the other two, of whom one has since died, were dreadfully mutilated. The accident is believed to have been caused by a girl hammering a piece of cold dynamite.

MUCH INDIGNATION has been expressed by the great brewing firms at the appearance of a letter in the papers announcing a sudden rise in the value of several deleterious substitutes for hops, and suggesting, that in consequence of the failure of this year's hop harvest, brewers of beer will have recourse to other objectionable ingredients. The brewers, one and all, maintain that the character of their beer is much too valuable to them to be lightly imperilled, and suggest, in their turn, that the advance in prices of certain drugs is due to speculators, who hoped to forestall a rising market.

THE SALE OF THE FOURTH PORTION OF THE SUNDERLAND LIBRARY was closed last Thursday, and realised 10,129*l*. 8*s*. The total now is 46,672*l*. 13*s*. for 10,900 lots.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION was terribly interrupted in Manchester last week by a fire which broke out in the warehouse of Messrs. F. Hodgkinson and Sons. Upwards of three hundred wires converged above the roof of the building, and as they broke, or fell into the flames, not only was communication broken off, but the hanging wires, heated white-hot, were a source of danger to all around. The warehouse was completely destroyed, and the damage is estimated at 100,000*l*.

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF HARROWBY, on Sunday evening, at his seat of Sandon Hall, in Staffordshire, at the advanced age of eighty-five, has removed from the scene one of the last survivors of the older school of British statesman. As Lord Sandon he was for a long time a most efficient representative in Parliament of the commercial interests of Liverpool, a borough since represented by his son, and an independent supporter of Sir Robert Peel, who bowed to fate when Corn Law Repeal became inevitable. Appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster by Lord Palmerston in 1855, he last came into prominence in the Upper House by his protest, in 1869, against Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill. At May Meetings and in all religious and philanthropic movements the late Earl was for many years a conspicuous figure. By a curious coincidence, his younger brother, the Hon. F. Dudley Ryder, died the same day at Ickleford House, Hertfordshire, at the age of seventy-seven.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was to sail yesterday for the Mediterranean in Mr. W. H. Smith's yacht *Pandora*. In reply to an address of sympathy from the Exeter Conservative Working Men's Union, he declares that he is simply "over-tired," but hopes after a couple of months' rest to be able to take part next Session in "what is likely to be a stiff year's work."



WHILE complaints are being heard on all hands of the helpless dependence of our theatres upon foreign authors, it is worthy of special note that last week witnessed the successful production on the London stage of two plays displaying considerable invention, each of which is the work of English dramatists. These pieces happen, moreover, to belong to romantic drama, in which field French playwrights have long since enjoyed an almost undisputed supremacy. The first, brought out at the Princess's, is entitled *The Silver King*, in allusion to the circumstance that its hero, driven to fly from England on a false but highly circumstantial charge of murder, repairs to the silver mines of Colorado, where he becomes so successful that he returns a millionaire known by this sobriquet. Its authors are Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Henry Herman, two gentlemen who have already contributed some less important pieces to our stage. The Adelphi play is entitled *Love and Money*, and is the joint production of Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Henry Pettitt. Both are dramas of the elaborate romantic sort, dividing their play into five acts; the Adelphi piece, indeed, may be said to be in six acts, though the first of these is described in the playbill as a "prologue." Numerous effective scenes, too, have been painted for each by well-known artists; and, besides the customary liberal

provision of those episodes of terror and excitement which are known as "sensation" scenes, each obtains valuable assistance from the ingenuity of the stage carpenter and machinist, while Mr. Reade and Mr. Pettitt pride themselves especially upon the cunning with which the music of the orchestra is adapted to the object of stimulating the imagination of the spectator. When we add that the satisfaction of the audience was in each case beyond all question we have said enough to justify us in regarding these events as of hopeful augury for our stage, though it is true that the plays in question are not of any very high order. As regards originality and general freshness, *The Silver King* must bear away the palm. Both plays are distinguished by the merit of setting forth a story which is, as a rule, steadily in progress from the rise to the fall of the curtain, and it is still more encouraging to observe that the sensation scenes are not, as too commonly happens, obviously arbitrary grafts on the action, introduced at no matter what cost of consistency or probability for the sake of shocking the nerves of the spectator, but are incidents naturally arising out of the general plan, and contributing to forward the development of the fable. In brief, there are no vulgar horrors or irrelevant terrors. The most exciting incident in Messrs. Jones and Herman's play is connected with a very ingenious and, as far as we are aware, an original notion. The hero, Wilfred Denver—a part played by Mr. Wilson Barrett with wonderful force, and with a considerable degree of subtlety—is a worthy but a rather wayward person, who allows himself to be led into temptation by the scoundrel of the play to the extent of squandering his money recklessly on the racecourse. The discovery that his tempter is meanwhile persistently persecuting his wife, Nellie Denver, enrages Denver so much, that under the maddening influence of drink he rushes from the stage declaring his determination to kill him. The ingenuity of what follows lies in the fact that, though he never injures his intended victim, circumstances leave on his mind the conviction that he has murdered him, while these circumstances are so strongly indicative of guilt that he has obviously no chance of escaping the gallows but in flight, leaving behind his wife and children. The man with whom he had really contended was a robber in the act of plundering the apartment, by whom Denver is overpowered by chloroform at the very moment before his intended victim entering the room is shot dead by the same hand with Denver's revolver. When Denver awakes he finds the room disordered, and the man he intended to kill dead, and as he raises the body from the ground blood stains his clothes. Then the horrors of his drunken dream come confusedly before his mind. He hurries home, and apprises his unhappy wife, who aids him to abscond just before the arrival of the officer who comes to arrest him. The subsequent pursuit of the fugitive gives rise to some ingenious scenes, and, what is still more unusual in plays of this kind, to some incidental episodes, displaying genuine touches of character. But the play is from this point mainly pathetic, being equally divided between the persecutions endured by the father and by the sorrows of the wife—beautifully portrayed by Miss Eastlake; nor must we omit to mention the fine scenes which arise from the meeting of the disguised father and his child—the latter part being played by Miss Clitherow, a little girl of extraordinary talents. To do justice to the piece it would be necessary to examine in detail the clever acting in what are known as character parts of Mr. G. Barrett, Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. Charles Coote, Mr. J. B. Johnstone, Mr. J. Beauchamp, and others; but for this purpose space fails us.

Messrs. Reade and Pettitt's play is somewhat more artificial in construction. Though not really more ingenious, its ingenuity is more intrusively displayed. The spectators, as Frenchmen say, *voient trop les ficelles* while the authors are setting before them in rapid succession the details of a fraudulent substitution of a child for a dead heiress, a marriage in a sham name, a double scheme of villainy, a false charge of embezzlement, and so forth. But the sustained movement, the abundance of incident, and the concentrated interest of the story go far to counterbalance this objection; and more than one of the scenes are written with a master hand. Especially exciting to the imagination is the scene in which father and daughter are imprisoned in the mine, owing to the villainy of a discontented workman in causing an explosion. Here there is a fine and impressive piece of acting on the part of Mr. J. H. Clydes, aided by the natural pathos of Miss Amy Roselle in the character of the daughter. The authors are not so successful as their rivals at the Princess's in relieving the more sombre elements of the play. Some episodic scenes between a young lady and her brainless but good-natured lover wearied by their prolixity, which offence was rather aggravated by the eccentric carriage and manner of the actress who appeared in the former character. On the other hand, Mr. John Ryder is provided with an excellent character-sketch in the shape of a retired colonel, which part he plays with a solid sort of humour that is highly diverting. Of the remainder of the cast the most worthy of commendation are Mr. W. R. Sutherland, who plays the youthful hero and husband of the heroine of the mine adventure, and Mr. Proctor, who enacts the part of the diabolical cause of the explosion. There can be little doubt that both the Adelphi and the Princess's Theatre are now furnished with plays which will for a long period to come absolve their managers from the necessity of providing for a change in their bills.

THE STRAND Theatre reopened on Saturday evening, much enlarged and considerably improved by the recent alterations. For the present, this popular house is practically in the hands of Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, who reappears here in his old part of Dr. Pangloss in the *Heir-at-Law*. The programme, however, is redeemed from the charge of being entirely wanting in novelty by the production, by way of afterpiece, of a trifle entitled *Frolique*, from the joint pens of Mr. Byron and Mr. Farnie. The little piece, which is a new version of the French comedy called *Charlot*, known to playgoers as the basis of the late Mr. Planche's *Follies of a Night*, is bright and lively, and the music selected for this version is distinguished by the same qualities.

The statement that the defence of Mr. Tennyson's rustic drama at the GLOBE Theatre, which appeared the other day in the *Daily News*, with a manifest reference to the criticism in that journal, was written by the poet's son, Mr. Lionel Tennyson, is confirmed by the initial "L" appended by the same writer to a note addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in answer to certain comments on "the defence." Mr. Lionel Tennyson, whose views on this subject, as the *Athenaeum* observes, may be presumed to be in harmony with those of the Poet Laureate, says:—"Edgar is not, as the critics will have it, a freethinker, drawn into crime by his communistic theories; Edgar is not a protest against the atheism of the age; Edgar is not even an honest Radical nor a sincere follower of Schopenhauer; he is nothing thorough and nothing sincere; but he is a criminal, and at the same time a gentleman. These are the two sides to his character. He has no conscience until he is brought face to face with the consequences of his crime, and in the awakening of that conscience the poet has manifested his fullest and subtlest strength."

There seems to be at least no immediate prospect of Mr. Irving appearing in the character of Don Quixote; since we are semi-officially informed that, though this gentleman has "talked over the matter with Mr. Boucicault," who is to write the play, no further progress has been made. It is confidently expected, we believe, that the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* will hold its present place in the LYCEUM play-bill until the departure of Mr. Irving and his company for the United States in October next.

Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young, who performed in Mr. Lovell's poetical play of *The Wife's Secret* on Thursday at the CRYSTAL PALACE, will also appear on the same stage, on the 5th of December, in Mr. Palgrave Simpson's version of Mr. Edmund Yates's *Black Sheep*.

The entire Indian Contingent now in London witnessed the performance of *Robin Hood* at the Gaiety on Monday evening, by special invitation of Mr. Hollingshead.

We believe that Mr. W. G. Wills is the author of the new version of *Jane Eyre* which Mrs. Bernard-Beere contemplates producing at the GLOBE Theatre.



It seemed on Monday as if the dogged opposition to progress with the Procedure Rules had collapsed. At a glance the Order Book will show, this is maintained almost single-handed by Lord R. Churchill. On the Ninth Resolution, passed on Wednesday afternoon after a long discussion, Lord Randolph had seventeen amendments out of twenty-eight that appeared on the paper other than the Premier's. These did not all stand in his own name, being impartially divided as to number between himself, Mr. Gorst, and Sir Henry Wolff. But as before noted such amendment is triplicated. Lord Randolph moves it in one form, it is submitted in another by Mr. Gorst, and in a third by Sir H. Wolff. Considerable skill is required for carrying on this mode of attack, since it is a rule of the House that a question debated and decided upon cannot be brought up again in the course of the same Session. There are, however, few of the older rules of debate that an adroit member, reckless of giving offence to authority, cannot drive an omnibus through. The Fourth Party night after night, and sometimes, when matters move briskly, more than once in a night, break through this wholesome rule, and the House is engaged in a farce of debating three times a question submitted in a slightly varied form.

The Ninth Resolution and the Rules relating to Standing Committees differ from others, inasmuch as there is to them some measures of serious opposition outside of the Fourth Party. But on Rules X. and XI., for example, Lord Randolph and his associates have practically the whole of the amendments on the paper. It might be supposed in this circumstance that the Opposition would make a stand against this tyrannous waste of time. But that would be to suppose too much in a condition of Party warfare at the moment unusually exacerbated. The Conservatives as a body, and most of all the Leaders who sit on the front Bench, and who are themselves peculiarly interested in seeing the conduct of business made possible in the House, will not put down unnecessary amendments, nor will they assist in the business of obstruction by talking upon them when moved from below the gangway. But when it comes to voting they follow Lord Randolph into the Division Lobby, and thus keep up the bond of Party. Sometimes this is strained too tightly and snaps, as on the famous occasion when Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues on the Front Bench, followed by fifty or sixty Conservatives, left the House when Lord Randolph determined to divide on some impracticable amendment.

Late on Tuesday night another incident of the same kind took place. At midnight, whilst an amendment, long under discussion, was approaching settlement, Baron de Worms moved the adjournment. Mr. Biggar, who had been taking long draughts of sleep during the monotonous business of the evening, and who now, after his manner, was wide awake, rose with great alacrity to second the motion. It was protested against by Lord John Manners, who at that moment was in charge of the Opposition. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a violent speech, supported the motion, and the House was cleared for a division. Much interest was testified as to what would follow;—whether Lord John Manners would submit to the dictation of the young Lord below the gangway, and follow him into the Division Lobby; whether he would take the middle course, adopted with disastrous results by Sir Stafford Northcote, and leave the House without voting; or whether he would boldly stand upon his position, and vote against the proposition insisted upon contrary to his advice. Lord John Manners showed himself made of stouter metal than Sir Stafford Northcote. He voted against the adjournment, and was rewarded by finding himself followed into the Lobby by the great body of the Conservatives present. Baron de Worms had the pleasure of telling with Mr. Biggar a minority of twenty-four, of whom the majority were Parnellites.

Tuesday night displayed a departure from the milder manners of Monday, which had prevailed through Thursday and Friday in last week, with marked effect upon the progress of business. The Fourth Party were much exasperated by an unfortunate discovery made with respect to one of the amendments to the Ninth Rule, moved by Mr. Gorst. A reference to "Hansard" of February, 1880, showed that this very proposition had then been brought forward by the Irish members, had been roundly denounced by Sir Stafford Northcote and other speakers on the Conservative side, and upon a division the whole of the Conservative party voted against it, Mr. Gorst adding his vote to the number. This was, of course, a very awkward thing, which had escaped the attention of the Member for Chatham. He now, desirous of closing the painful proceeding as quickly as possible, offered to withdraw. But the Irish Members, always ready for mischief, refused this privilege, and for another hour the conversation continued, not without many references to the remarkable position in which Mr. Gorst found himself.

A little later Lord Randolph eagerly seized an opportunity of drawing off the attention of the House from this embarrassing incident. The Ninth Rule, which deals with punishment for wilful obstruction, brought up the historic occasion early in the Session when Mr. Playfair named a whole batch of Irish Members, some of whom were not present in the House at the moment, being, in fact, at home in bed resting after a night's hard labour, refreshing themselves with a view of recommencing the work with the early day. Many odd things have in the course of time come out with respect to this event, but none so odd as one related by Colonel Nolan. This gentleman stated that just before the blow fell he received a friendly warning from one of the clerks at the table, who significantly asked him whether he would like to be suspended. Colonel Nolan had fortified himself by securing the public opinion of Mr. Raikes, who assured him that if a Member strictly confined his obstruction to voting he could not be named. Colonel Nolan communicated this view to the emissary of the Chair, and in the result he was not named. Lord R. Churchill furiously wanted to know when the Chairman of Committees was to answer this indictment. On Wednesday Dr. Lyon Playfair appeared in the dock, that is to say at the Table of the House, and gave his answer, which was very simple and to the point, amounting to an emphatic denial of all knowledge of the incident. Of this episode there now remains only the fact that on this historic occasion a clerk of the House, meeting Colonel Nolan in the lobby, did ask him whether he would like to be suspended, but every one sees it was merely a passing jest, which the Colonel in his heated frame of mind took *au sérieux*.

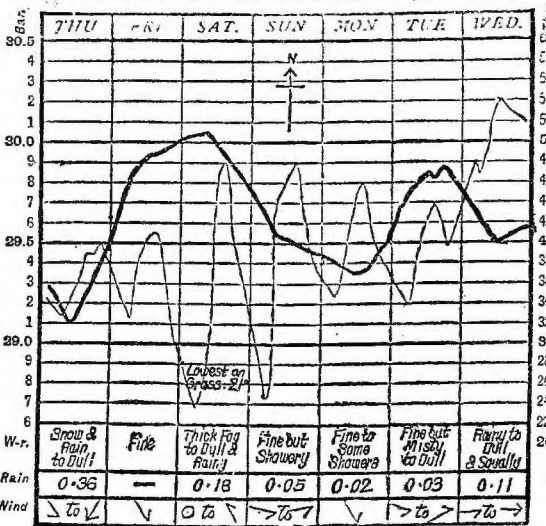
These little incidents, whilst not altogether unwelcome to a wearied House by raising the interest above the dull level at which it ordinarily flows, are not, it will be understood, conducive to the despatch of business. Still, progress is being steadily made, and the end of the Session is more or less plainly in view. Much will depend upon the progress made with the Rules which propose to refer certain classes of Bills to Grand Committees. Against them Sir R. Cross, as the mouthpiece of the regular Opposition, will raise his voice. But there is nothing in the manner of debate adopted by the responsible members of the Opposition, and in fact the great body of Conservatives, that should unduly delay the prorogation.

It is not debate which delays business in the House of Commons, rather advancing it by bringing out the views of Members of all sections, and suggesting courses acceptable to the largest number. Sir R. Cross and Conservatives generally having made a long and determined stand against the First Resolution, against which they cherished strong conscientious objections, are not in the least inclined to do more than debate the others. As they frequently declared, whilst the First Resolution was under discussion, those that followed were in the main acceptable to them, and wisely and prudently designed to further the common object of restoring the House of Commons to its former position as a business assembly. There are of course details on which different opinions may be compared, but this does not take an inordinate length of time, and the precise date of the prorogation principally depends upon the amount of physical energy of which Lord Randolph Churchill is still capable. At present, taking all probabilities into view, including two debates on Irish affairs, it is most likely that the prorogation will take place either on Friday or Saturday in next week.

THE DIVINING ROD.—"The London papers," writes a correspondent, "have recently contained a considerable amount of evidence in favour of the assertion that underground running water can be detected by the movements of a light rod or twig, held in the hands of some peculiarly sensitive persons. In the theories of modern science there is nothing to account for such a fact. It is rightly, therefore, received with cautious doubt. But there is an unscientific incredulity as well as an unscientific credulity. We are not justified in laughing down, without adequate investigation, any statement which is supported by a number of fairly credible witnesses. The rod or twig used by the West of England water-finders has been called a 'divining' rod, and this word carries with it the impression of magic or miracle which condemns it at once. But the phenomenon may be a real fact, although the name applied to it is a mistake. The thing may be easily tested. It does not present the difficulties of thought-reading or spiritualism. It is certain that some bent twigs can be made to turn up or down by a slight movement of the hands which hold them. After a water-finder has pointed out a place where water will be found, he should be taken away from the spot—then blindfolded and led over the ground again, the utmost care being taken to give him no clue. If the twig moves at the same spot under these conditions, the evidence of the *bona fides* would be very great. He should then pass over the ground again, carrying with him one of Henley's electrometers, then again with an ordinary compass, and again with a dipping needle. These instruments would probably show whether electric or magnetic currents had anything to do with the result."

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The very high reputation of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. for excellence of art-workmanship is more than maintained by their admirable collection of Christmas cards for the coming season. It is scarcely possible to speak in too laudatory words of the beauty of some of these cards. The designs are in many cases delightfully fresh, and the mottoes supply numerous apt substitutes for the hackneyed greetings usual at Christmas and New Year. It is unnecessary to select any special cards for praise when all are so good, and it is enough to say that lovers of genuine art-work will find in Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.'s Christmas cards plenty to satisfy the most exacting taste.—The Religious Tract Society sends us a packet of Christmas and New Year's cards, in praise of which little can be said. The designs are common, and the colouring is in most cases crude. Many of these productions bear mottoes of a devotional character.—From Messrs. S. Hildersheimer and Co. we have received a varied selection of cards, the outcome of a prize exhibition of original designs held at the Egyptian Hall in 1881. It will be seen how eager is the search after novelties for Christmas cards when it is mentioned that this firm has issued little portfolios of photographic views on the Upper Thames, chromo-lithographs of animals at the Zoological Gardens, etchings of landscapes, and "mechanical cards" which unfold and disclose seasonable greetings. All these are, in their respective ways, very well done.—The "Royal Academy" series are the most noticeable among the cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. These are from designs by eminent R.A.'s, whose paintings have in several instances received but poor treatment at the hands of the chromo-lithographer. Among the other cards of this firm there are many deserving of high praise.—Finally may be mentioned a set of four cards representing Alpine scenes from drawings by the late Elijah Walton. These are published by W. M. Thompson, of Cockspur Street.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM NOVEMBER 16 TO NOVEMBER 22 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been generally fair; some snow has fallen, but the rainfall has not been excessive. Snow fell on Thursday morning (16th inst.), followed by rain, light north-westerly to strong northerly easterly winds prevailing, this state of things being caused by a barometrical disturbance advancing quickly across the country from the north-west of Ireland. As this depression moved away eastward fine weather attended in its rear on Friday (17th inst.). Thick fog and hoar frost ushered in Saturday (18th inst.); the day, however, becoming clear as it wore on, but the high pressure—which lay over us—giving way, cold rain fell during the evening. The barometer remained fairly steady on Sunday (19th inst.), and fine weather, with some slight showers, was experienced, with light westerly winds. Pressure improved on Monday and Tuesday (20th and 21st inst.), with very fair weather and light winds from north-west to west-south-west. Wednesday (22nd inst.) found the mercurial column much lower, owing to a depression coming in from the north, and which caused rain to fall during the night. A solar halo was observed on Tuesday (21st inst.). Temperature has been below the average, a minimum of 21° being recorded on the grass on Saturday (18th inst.); the reading for Wednesday (22nd inst.), however, is greatly in advance of anything recorded for some days past. The barometer was highest (30.04 inches) on Saturday (18th inst.); lowest (29.11 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 0.93 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Wednesday (22nd inst.); lowest (24°), on Saturday (18th inst.); range, 30°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.75 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.36 inches, on Thursday (16th inst.).



THE NEW BABY SPANISH PRINCESS sleeps in a most elaborate cradle, shaped to represent a conch shell, and lined with pink satin. The arms of Spain and Austria are reproduced in the lace curtains, and fleurs-de-lis interlaced with the infant's initial "V," for Ysabel, ornament the quilt and pillows.

A "COMET" PARTY has been given by a fashionable lady in Boston, where Society is ever on the watch to combine learning with amusement. The invitation ran thus:—"Mrs. X. requests the pleasure of your company on — at 12. Music and dancing. Breakfast at 3. Comet at 4." Considering the inconvenient hour at which the comet now appears, the hint is worth taking.

THE BONES OF THE RENOWNED "CID" have been found in Germany, where they were carried off during the Peninsular War from their original resting-place in the Cathedral of Burgos. The *Cid's* remains, which are enclosed with those of his wife, Ximena, in a curious sarcophagus, were handed over to the then reigning Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and have remained in the family collection of antiquities until the present time, when a German librarian cataloguing the collection discovered their identity. King Alphonso has asked Prince Anton to restore the relics, and accordingly the sarcophagus will be taken back to Burgos, and buried with great ceremony.

MR. OSCAR WILDE does not think much of the Falls of Niagara. "They told me," says the renowned esthete, "that so many millions of gallons of water tumbled over the Falls in a minute. I could see no beauty in that. There was bulk there but no beauty, except the beauty inherent in bulk itself. Niagara Falls seemed to me to be simply a vast unnecessary amount of water going the wrong way, and then falling over unnecessary rocks." "Did Mr. Wilde expect the water to run up the rocks?" asks the *Albany Sunday Press*. Evidently Mr. Wilde is more calculated to appreciate the marvels of millinery than the wonders of Nature, for he wrote to Wallack's Theatre asking for a specially good seat for Mrs. Langtry's *début*, as he had been engaged to criticise the lady's costumes in *An Unequal Match*. Mrs. Langtry, by the bye, strongly disapproves of two New York features—the elevated railways and the street pavements.

AN INTERESTING VISIT TO PATAGONIA has been paid by the Italian Lieutenant Bove, who accompanied Professor Nordenskjöld in the *Vega*, and has now made a preliminary trip to South America before undertaking the command of the coming Italian Antarctic Expedition. Spending some time in Tierra del Fuego, the Lieutenant explored the Santa Cruz River, of which hitherto little has been known. Only four travellers had preceded him, Darwin and Fitzroy having navigated part of the stream, while two Argentines subsequently penetrated rather further. The most curious result of his journey, however, was the discovery of a quantity of gigantic human remains. This supports the truth of Magellan's story of the giant Patagonians of his day. Another Italian explorer has lost his life in his work, the death of the Marquis Antinori being confirmed. Though very aged he insisted on continuing his explorations, and his health has given way under the climate.

ANOTHER WALK ACROSS AFRICA has been successfully accomplished, this time by a German explorer, Lieutenant Wissmann, who has travelled by a partly new route, and in just the reverse direction from Mr. Stanley—i.e., from Loanda to Zanzibar. In company with a compatriot, Dr. Pogge, he left Loanda in April, 1881, to traverse the Middle Congo territory, and on reaching the Lualaba in November, Dr. Pogge remained behind to found a station at Mukenge's residence, while Lieutenant Wissmann pressed eastwards. He has thus made the trip in a remarkably short time. Dr. Pogge was to remain at his post till next month, when, if no message came from the German African Society, he would return to the coast. Most of the African news now relates to the Congo territory, for it is reported that the Stanley Station on the Upper Congo has been attacked by some hostile natives, who wounded the agent in charge, Mr. Lecheal. No further particulars are known at present.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY, which is to be kept on January 25th next, will be commemorated by nearly every town in the German Empire. At present committees are busy in all the large cities collecting for a fund which shall be presented to the Prince and Princess for them to use as they choose in the creation or furtherance of any charitable object, and on their side the Freemasons are getting up a similar collection for presentation to their Brother and Grand Master with which he may establish a "Sister House," or refuge for poor widows and daughters of deceased Masons. Art as well as Charity will figure largely in the festivities in honour of the Crown Princess's tastes. A loan exhibition of works of ancient German Art—pictures, tapestry, sculpture, &c., is being planned, while the Berlin artists will give a grand entertainment, including *tableaux vivants* and a historical procession, which will defile before the Prince and Princess.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,571 deaths were registered, against 1,493 during the previous seven days, an increase of 78, being 144 below the average, and at the rate of 21.1 per 1,000. These deaths included 4 from small-pox, 78 from measles (an increase of 21), 68 from scarlet fever (a fall of 2), 21 from diphtheria (an increase of 17), 20 from whooping-cough (a rise of 7), 2 from typhus fever (a rise of 1), 30 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a decline of 2), and 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 2). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 345, an increase of 15, being 111 below the average. Fifty-five deaths were caused by accident or negligence. There were 2,503 births, against 2,709 during the previous week, being 201 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 36.8 deg., and 5.1 deg. below the average. Saturday was the coldest day, the mean being only 33.2 deg. Rain and melted snow were measured on four days to the aggregate amount of 0.68 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 5.1 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 61.8 hours.

THE QUESTION OF CEDING PART OF THE HAMILTON MSS. TO ENGLAND has aroused great discussion in Germany, where literary and artistic circles are strongly opposed to the idea, which, on the other hand, is somewhat favoured by the Prussian Government. Meanwhile the Germans themselves are delighted with their new treasures, which have been taken to the Palace for the Emperor's inspection. The price paid for the MSS. is not accurately known, but is generally fixed at 75,000*l.*—a sum which will probably need a special grant from the Prussian Budget. Still, Germany is quite inclined to pay for antiquarian treasures, and now has her eye on certain precious Greek statues and antiquities which have just been unearthed near the Acropolis at Athens by a private company of excavators. Apparently England does not show similar zeal to judge from the little attention paid to Mr. Wood's efforts to re-awaken interest in the excavations at the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, from which he has already brought much valuable fruit. He wants 5,000*l.* to resume and complete his labours, but the meeting called to consult on the subject at South Kensington last Saturday was so scantily attended that it was adjourned. It is hoped that the Review caused the poor attendance, so another meeting will be called.



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—THE QUEEN AT THE SALUTING POINT



THE long drawn out preparations for Arabi's trial still form the foremost theme in EGYPT. The indictment has now been formally drawn up by Borelli Bey, and consists of four principal counts—firstly, for having on July 12 hoisted a white flag, under cover of which Arabi withdrew his troops, and ordered the pillage and firing of Alexandria; secondly, for having excited the Egyptians to arm themselves against the Khédive; thirdly, for having, notwithstanding the news of peace, continued war; and, fourthly, for having excited to civil war, and carried devastation, massacre, and pillage over Egyptian territory. The first count charges him with having broken the law of nations, and the three following with having contravened the Ottoman penal code. The preliminary examination of witnesses has continued, and Suleiman holds to his statement that Arabi directly ordered him to pillage and fire the city. This testimony is corroborated by the manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank and other Europeans, who affirmed that the fire was the work of no excited mob, but that regiments were marched down in perfect order from the Rosetta Gate, stationed in line, each street being assigned to a regiment, and orders were given by signal to begin the work of pillage, subsequently to burn, and finally to retire, "as regularly," says one witness, "as if going out to battle." It is proved, moreover, that Arabi and Suleiman slept together in one room in the Rosetta Gate Barracks the night after the bombardment, and that the latter led his regiment to the Square straight from the barracks, that he subsequently rejoined Arabi, and left the town with him, and that they remained friendly until the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Two members of the Ragheb Ministry have also declared that Arabi stated in open Council that if the English fired one shot Alexandria should be destroyed so that no stone should remain upon another. On the other hand, Arabi denies having given the orders to fire and pillage, but his chief defensive plea is urged in a letter from Messrs. Broadley and Napier to *The Times*. They repudiate the charge of rebellion, and declare "that, if time be allowed them, they will prove that the Sublime Porte from first to last approved their action."

The negotiations for the definitive settlement of the country are still being kept profoundly secret, and the most eager curiosity as to the propositions with which Lord Dufferin is popularly accredited is expressed on all sides. Meanwhile, all is quiet in Egypt, and the Expeditionary Force to be despatched to the Soudan is being organised as rapidly as anything can be organised in the Orient, and in two or three weeks' time is expected to be fairly on its way. Major the Hon. J. Colborne is to accompany the troops, with the rank of Colonel in the Egyptian army, and Baron Seckendorf with that of Captain. The sickness amongst our own troops in Egypt still continues, and is now estimated at 12 per cent. of the total force. General Sir Andrew Clarke has gone to Cairo to inquire into the health of the army, and is invested with full powers to make all sanitary arrangements.

M. Duclerc's Government have gained a small Parliamentary victory in FRANCE. M. Jules Roche, encouraged by the impression he created last week by his attack on the stipends of the higher clergy, fell upon the late Government for having accorded the Archbishop of Algeria 2,000*l.*, notwithstanding that the sum had been refused by the Budget Committee. M. Fallières, however, took up the cudgels in favour of his predecessor; showed that Mgr. Lavigérie had rendered great services to the State; and defeated M. Roche by 331 to 122 votes. The chief Parliamentary incident, however, has been M. Duclerc's Bill for ratifying the "treaty" which M. de Brazza concluded with King Makoko on the Congo. The Bill sets forth that the Suzerain of the Botekes has ceded to France "a certain portion of the territory lying between the rivers Djne and Impila, the possession of which will ensure us access to the navigable parts of the Congo, and will entail no other duties than the moral obligations resulting from the presentation of a French flag to the chiefs who signed the treaty." Much stress is laid upon the value of these new districts thrown open "to the pacific and civilising influence of France" will have upon the trade of France and of all nations; while the gratifying consequences from a humanitarian view—such as the suppression of the slave trade—are subsequently put forth. Finally the step, it is declared, can arouse no susceptibility on the part of other nations, which, by the "same rights and with the same objects as ourselves, are actively engaged in opening up Central Africa to commerce and civilisation." There is a delightful flavour of self-excuse which savours of self-accusation in the whole document. Nevertheless, that the Government is in earnest is manifest by the despatch of a gunboat, the *Sagittaire*, with orders to ascend the Congo as far as it is navigable. Indeed, the French Cabinet, to make up for their inaction in Egypt, have been seized with a perfect fever for annexation in other parts of Africa. The Madagascar Embassy is in a virtual state of imprisonment until the demands for a cession of territory are settled; while now we hear of Mzab, a district to the extreme south of Algeria, having been officially annexed against the advice of the Algerian authorities themselves.

The anarchists are still showing signs of energy, and there have been some serious disturbances at Marseilles, the disturbances taking place, as in Lyons, in the theatre. In the provinces also bills are posted up, and threatening letters are sent broadcast. At Roche Servière a prominent Royalist having been warned that he would die by dagger or dynamite, was startled by a bomb being thrown into his bedroom. Fortunately, he had time to throw it out of window before it burst. At Lyons an anarchist meeting has been held, and decided that the revolutionary groups should unite to "exterminate the bourgeoisie"—a threat to which the Government has replied by the arrest of twenty-five of these bloodthirsty gentlemen. There has also been a curious Royalist scare this week, the *Voltaire* having published revelations of an alleged plot on the part of the Comte de Chambord to crush the Republic by a *coup de main*. Prince Bismarck, of course, is said to be at the bottom of all this; while the scheme is warmly approved by both the Emperors of Germany and Austria. As for the white flag question, a compromise has been effected, for while the former becomes the King's standard, the tricolour remains the national colour of France.

The heavy rains have caused serious floods throughout the country, and particularly in Paris, where the little river steamers have ceased to run, and precautions have been rendered necessary to prevent the floating baths from being carried away. Several islands are submerged, and the cellars of the houses in the lowlying districts are submerged. The chief Parisian topic of outside interest, however, has been the performance of Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'Amuse* at the Français on Wednesday, the fiftieth anniversary of its production amid a scene of disturbance now become historical in theatrical annals. On Wednesday, however, no untoward incident marred the performance, which was witnessed by a house crowded to the ceiling with invited guests, amongst whom were President Grévy, the Cabinet, and the Duc d'Aumale, whose appearance caused especial satisfaction. The Ambigu Comique has reopened under the management of Sarah Bernhardt's son with a drama, *Les Mères Ennemies*, by M. Catulle Mendès. Young Bernhardt is not one-and-twenty, and the real leading spirit is his mother, who works indefatigably. From 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. she rehearses in the new

piece, *Fedora*, to be produced at the Vaudeville, and from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M. Madame Damala works equally hard in drilling her son's troupe at the Ambigu.

M. Giers' visit to Varzin, and his subsequent reception by the Emperor at Berlin, has given rise to much comment in GERMANY, and, indeed, throughout Europe. The Russian Foreign Minister was on his way south for a winter's holiday, and apparently has been commissioned by the Czar to call on the German Court, and convey his good wishes to his great-uncle and his Chancellor, but the political quidnuncs are making great capital out of the visit, and in Austria in particular there is much speculation with regard to the relations between and their effect upon Austrian interests. Finance has been the other great topic at Berlin, the Prussian Minister's proposals for raising the deficit are meeting with considerable criticism, and a counter scheme is being prepared by the various shades of the Opposition. The proposal, however, to abolish the "Class Tax" meets with universal approval.

The Viceroy of INDIA is making a tour through Northern India, and has visited Peshawur, where he has opened the new Egerton Hospital. In his speech he declared that it was his earnest desire to live on the most friendly terms with the various frontier nations and tribes. The Government had no wish to interfere with the independence either of the smaller neighbouring tribes or of those attached to our ally the Ameer of Afghanistan. At the same time the Government was determined "to protect the lives and property of Indian subjects from all raids and inroads." With respect to the protection of our frontiers there is to be a conference on the subject at Quetta between the Commander-in-Chief of Bombay and Sir Donald Stewart.

The coalition between the Republicans and the Monarchical Dynastic party of Marshal Serrano in SPAIN is somewhat threatened by the former urging a restoration of the Republican Constitution of 1869. "We will return," declares Señor Martos, "to the sovereign nation the plenitude of her powers, and secure in a solemn manner that above her there is no power, no extradition, no right of any kind." Marshal Serrano's programme only set forth the restoration of the Monarchical Constitution of 1876, and indeed his allies have wrought him harm in place of good, by alienating a number of moderate minds who otherwise would have joined him. Thus the result will probably be some heated Parliamentary debates, and an ultimate victory for Señor Sagasta and the existing Cabinet.

In ITALY the new Parliamentary Session was opened on Wednesday by the King in person. As this Parliament is the first elected since the enlarged suffrage, considerable interest was aroused in its composition, which naturally includes many members of the Extreme party, who stayed away rather than take the oath to the King. The Royal Speech was chiefly noteworthy for its highly congratulatory tone. The King began by announcing that the "admirable work which was prepared by the wish of my glorious father, and which I, redeeming my promise, have fulfilled, gives us the consoling certainty that the Italian people are ripe for the discipline of liberty; and imposes upon us the duty of completing those pacific conquests which bring us true greatness, and confirm to us the respect of the civilised world." He hoped that in the face "of the manifest will of the country" political dissensions would be moderated, and then proceeded to pay a passing compliment to the last Parliament, which placed the finances of the State on a stable footing, lightened the most burdensome taxes, reorganised the army, and created increased facilities for commercial communication. He then announced various internal measures, and congratulating the nation on the economic revival which is everywhere showing itself, and on the friendly and cordial relations which Italy at present possesses with all foreign Governments, he wound up with a spirited peroration, telling the Deputies that the destinies of the State are in their hands, and that "there is no longer any foreign force which within or without impedes the fullest liberty of your actions. You can, with serene and secure mind, study and resolve the great civil and social problems of our age. Thus to the ancient and envied glories of Roman Italy we shall be able to add the pacific and blessed glories of a new Italy."

Madame Adelina Patti and Mrs. Langtry still form the chief themes for conversation in the UNITED STATES, to judge from the cablegrams. The financial success of the former has been so great that Mr. Mapleson has been able to return the guarantee fund of eight thousand guineas to the promoters. As for Mrs. Langtry, a special train recently conveyed 600 enthusiastic New Jerseyites to New York to witness her performance. In honour of the occasion the conductors, we are told, wore white gloves and button-hole bouquets. To come to more serious matters, a great loss to science has been sustained by the death of Mr. Henry Draper, Professor of Physiology in the University of New York, and who was well known in this country (where he was born) by his astronomical studies. Mr. Thurlow Weed, the veteran Republican politician, has also died at the age of eighty-five. A curious electrical storm has been prevailing through the greater part of the United States, and even in Canada. The disturbance has deranged the telegraph wires to an unprecedented extent, acting upon them in strong waves, which produced constant changes in the polarity of the current. Cold weather and snow accompanied the storm in several districts.

OF MISCELLANEOUS NEWS we hear from TURKEY that considerable apprehension is felt with regard to the warlike attitude of Montenegro, and that the attention of Austria and Russia has been called to the subject. The Porte is talking loudly of internal "reforms," and consulting with her German advisers respecting the reorganisation of her army.—In EASTERN ROUMELIA Aleko Pasha has not of late been getting on very well with the Russian Consul. The latter, however, has now held out the hand of peace, and has assured Aleko that he wished to give him all possible support.—In RUSSIA the University of Kazan has been closed in consequence of the recent riots amongst the students. Great irritation has been expressed at the refusal of the Greek Clergy at Jerusalem to confirm the choice made by the Russian Church of the Archbishop Nicodemus as Patriarch—the Jerusalem clergy for once preferring a nominee of their own.—In AUSTRIA, the Socialists have created a fresh disturbance at Vienna, where they prevented the holding of an electoral meeting of the better classes.—From SOUTH AFRICA come reports of skirmishes between the Boers and the Caffres, and the former are stated to have taken Mampoor's Kop. The Transvaal Government had forbidden all natives to pass through their territory, on account of the epidemic of small-pox prevailing in the neighbouring States, and for the same reason no Independence Festival will be held this year.—From AUSTRALIA, we learn from Sydney that the New South Wales Legislative Assembly has thrown out the Land Bill. The Ministry has consequently recommended the Governor to dissolve Parliament. Lord Augustus Loftus has accepted the recommendation.

EGGS ARE GETTING SCARCE in JAMAICA, and the blame is laid on the mongoose, which has a particular fancy for sucking eggs, so the *Colonies and India* tells us. Introduced into the West Indies ten years ago for the purpose of destroying rats and snakes, the mongoose now repays its introduction by ingratitude as much as the rabbits in Australia, and the sparrows in America. The mongoose was only tried after several other rat destroyers had failed. First the planters imported ferrets, then a huge kind of rat warranted to destroy its smaller brethren, next the Cuban native ant, and finally a gigantic toad from Cayenne. All were useless, however, and the mongoose was brought with the greatest success.



THE QUEEN has been chiefly occupied this week with paying honours to the British forces returned from Egypt. As the Royal Review of Saturday is fully described and illustrated elsewhere, we need only mention here that Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice came up for the day to Buckingham Palace, where they were joined by the whole of the Royal Family, and that the Queen and Royal Family showed themselves on the Palace balcony before proceeding to the Parade Ground. After the Review Her Majesty received the officers and men of the Indian Contingent, each being separately presented to the Queen by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Daly. Subsequently Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor, where they were joined at dinner by the new Dean of Windsor. Next morning the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service in the private chapel, the Dean officiating; and in the afternoon Princess Christian visited Her Majesty, while the Grand Duke of Hesse, who had come over for the Review, arrived at the Castle. On Monday morning Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse went out riding, while in the evening Princess Christian, General Ponsonby, and Colonel Ewart dined with the Queen. On Tuesday morning Her Majesty conferred on the Dean of Windsor the Badge of Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and subsequently presented the medals and rewards to 370 of the Army, Navy, and Indian Contingent who served in the late campaign. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh, Connaught, Albany, and Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge arrived to be present at the ceremony, which took place in a pavilion specially erected in the Quadrangle. The Queen first made a short congratulatory speech, and then distributed the medals, beginning with Sir Garnet Wolseley; while, when the Duke of Connaught appeared, Her Majesty embraced her son when fastening on the medal. Afterwards the Queen entertained the officers at lunch in the Waterloo Gallery, while the men had refreshments in the Riding School, where Her Majesty and the Royal Family visited them during the meal. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh then left; but the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge remained to be present at a large dinner party which Her Majesty gave to Sir Garnet Wolseley and other officers in the evening. On Wednesday Sir Garnet, or as he should now be termed General Lord Wolseley, kissed Her Majesty's hands on his elevation to the peerage as Baron Wolseley of Cairo and of Wolseley. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen intended to distribute further rewards, by investing the General Staff Regimental Officers with the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire. Her Majesty has also, through the Commander-in-Chief, expressed her admiration of the troops, and her thanks for their conduct in Egypt. The Queen opens the New Law Courts on Monday, Dec. 4th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters came up to town on purpose for the Review, and after accompanying the Queen to the Parade Ground, stood on the pavement near Marlborough House with the Duchess of Connaught and the Duke of Edinburgh to see the troops pass. Later they received the Indian Contingent, and in the evening went to the reception at the War Office, where the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh and Connaught, the Crown Princess of Germany, and the Grand Duke of Hesse were also present. Next morning the Prince went to Charing Cross to see the Crown Princess of Germany off, and afterwards accompanied his wife and daughters to church. He presided on Monday at a meeting of the Wellesley Memorial Committee, and in the evening, with the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, was present at the dinner given to Lord Wolseley by the members of the Senior United Service Club, while the Princess went with Prince Louis of Battenberg to the Globe Theatre. Next day the Prince and Princess went to Windsor, and later left on a visit to Lord and Lady Walsingham, at Merton Hall, Thetford. Thence they go to Sandringham till Monday week.

The Duke of Edinburgh has now completed his term of service as Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, and has hauled down his flag. Probably he will now be appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines. The Duchess accompanied Prince Louis of Battenberg to the Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday night.—The Duke of Connaught last week was entertained at dinner by the Brigade serving under him in Egypt, while on Monday night the Duke and Duchess were present for a short time at the banquet given to the Guards at the Westminster Aquarium. The Duke has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the Order of Merit founded by Frederick the Great, the highest military decoration in the gift of the Prussian Crown.—Princess Christian on Tuesday opened a sale of work at the Windsor Guildhall, on behalf of St. Stephen's Mission.

After spending a short time with the Queen at Windsor the Crown Princess of Germany left London on Sunday morning, arriving at Berlin in time to spend her forty-second birthday at home. The Emperor of Germany went to Potsdam to congratulate his daughter-in-law, and was, with the rest of the Royal Family, present at the Crown Prince's luncheon, while Prince William gave a small party in the evening. The anniversary was commemorated in London and Windsor by the usual salutes and bell-ringing.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will not leave British Columbia before the end of next month.—The Empress of Austria will again come to England for the hunting season. Her Majesty is expected early in January at Combermere Abbey, where she stayed last year.



THE HEALTH of the PRIMATE, we regret to say, again inspires considerable uneasiness. The cold weather of last week seems to have seriously affected him; and on Monday Sir W. Gull and Dr. Carpenter had a consultation, and issued an alarming bulletin, in which it was stated that there was a return of feverishness and a diminution of strength, and that the condition of the patient was one of increased anxiety. The report issued on Wednesday states "the Archbishop had a restless night, and his general condition is not more satisfactory than yesterday."

THE REV. MR. COWGILL has decided to present himself to the Bishop of Manchester for institution to the living of St. John's, Miles Platting, conferred on him by Sir T. P. Heywood, the patron. It is not, however, anticipated that all difficulties will thus be smoothed away, for the Bishop will almost certainly refuse to institute him unless he promises not to go beyond the Ritual in use at the Cathedral, and Mr. Cowgill will almost as certainly decline to bind himself by any such engagement.

AT A CROWDED MEETING of CHURCHMEN on Thursday last at the house of the Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in Arlington Street, it was resolved on the

motion of Canon Liddon that the Memorial to Dr. Pusey should take the form "in the first place of the purchase of his library and the provision of suitable buildings bearing his name to contain it, and secondly of an endowment for two or more clergymen, who shall act as librarians and shall promote in whatever way the interests of theological study and religious life within the University." A sum of 50,000*l.*, to be called the "Pusey Memorial Fund," is to be raised to carry out this scheme, and vested in trustees until such time as the General Committee shall provide a permanent constitution; and a committee of sixty-seven gentlemen was appointed to carry out the wishes of the meeting. The new librarians, it is hoped, will not only stimulate theological research in many fields, but stand to those who wish for their assistance in the place of the old clerical tutors—a class no longer existent in many colleges.

THE PROVOST OF ORIEL, who died at Rochester on Sunday last at the patriarchal age of ninety-three, had passed so completely before his death into the domain of ancient history that his very name would have been strange to many had not Mr. Mozley's recent volume of "Reminiscences" recalled a time when he was a leader of Oxford thought. Born in the year of the French Revolution, awarded a "double first" in 1811, and raised (mainly, it is said, through Newman's advocacy, who supported him against Keble) to the Provostship of Oriel in 1828, the late Dr. Hawkins was chiefly famous as the man who sent Arnold to Rugby, thereby, as he prophesied, revolutionising the whole course of public-school teaching in England, and as the College Head who constrained Newman to resign his tutorship, and so launched him definitely on the stream which by and by took him far away to Rome. By men of middle-age the late Provost will be chiefly remembered as a "Don" of "Dons," and when he finally left Oxford in 1874, transferring the care of Oriel to the Vice-Provost, he only bade adieu to a place in which all things had become new and strange. The Canonry of Rochester, which he held, will now be separated from the Provostship, and attached to the Ireland Professorship of Exegesis.

ONLY A FEW MONTHS JUNIOR TO THE PROVOST, the Ven. James Randall, Archdeacon of Berks from 1855 to 1869, will best be remembered for his long association with Bishop Wilberforce, whose Chaplain he was at Oxford from 1846 to 1869, and at Winchester from 1869 to 1873. Mr. Randall was a First Classman of 1813, and died at the age of ninety-two.

THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY has again appealed to the rate-payers of the parish of Holy Trinity. The Vestry have now undertaken to promote an Act of Parliament for the abolition of the rate if the sum of 4,200*l.* is raised at once for the extinction of the church debt and the payment of costs. If the Act is not obtained subscriptions will be returned in full. The amount in hand is nearly 4,000*l.*, and the remainder it is hoped will be provided before the 11th of December.

PROFESSOR STUART, the Liberal candidate for the University of Cambridge, writes to the *St. James's Gazette*: "As doubt has been thrown upon my attitude with respect to the Church of England, permit me to say, in the briefest and most unmistakable language, that I am prepared if elected to vote against any proposal to dis-establish the Church of England."



CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the fifth Saturday performance the programme contained two novelties—a concert-overture by Mr. T. Wingham, and a "symphonic poem" by Friederick Smetana—both interesting if for different reasons. Mr. Wingham studied composition under Sir Sterndale Bennett, at our Royal Academy of Music; and this overture, his fourth work of the kind, was suggested by the well-known lines of Gray—"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows," &c. That the English musician was happily inspired by the idea of the poet, thus harmoniously set forth, must be generally admitted, and we were glad to find its merits so cordially dwelt upon by Mr. A. Manns, who supplied the brief but satisfactory analysis. The overture pleased, and will please still more on a second hearing, for while the plan is clear and wholly devoid of eccentricity, the details are worth serious attention. Smetana, a Bohemian composer of many operas set to librettos in his native tongue, enjoys among other distinctions that of having been the master of Anton Dvorak. The "symphonic poem" introduced on the present occasion—first of three orchestral effusions of the kind—typifies the fortunes of Bohemia, from its early splendour, under heroic kings, to its decadence, of which the Visegrad (or Visegrad) Fortress is the symbol. Like the second number of the Trilogy, *Moldau*, produced at the Crystal Palace in the spring of last year, it has qualities that claim for it, not less than for its precursor, high consideration as a work of original thought—saying more than which would be saying too much. It made but slight impression on the audience, who, not Bohemians, had little chance of being greatly moved by a subject so remote from their possible sympathies. Perhaps when Mr. Manns gives us *Libussa*, and thus completes the Trilogy, it may be better understood, but the *Warytoklänge* of the old national poet, Lumér, is known to very few out of the circles of specially lettered antiquarians. On the same occasion Miss Marie Wurm played (no easy task) Schumann's pianoforte concerto; Miss Mary Davies gave songs by Schubert and Handel—both welcome, the programme winding up cheerfully with Haydn's fine Symphony in D (No. 7 of the Salomon Set). At the sixth and most recent concert, which began nobly with Mozart's G minor Symphony, always, and no wonder, a favourite with the energetic director of the Crystal Palace music, the Nocturne in B flat, written by Mr. F. Corder for Mr. Kuhe's Brighton "Festival," was introduced for the first time; Mdle. Janotha, besides Schumann's *Arabesque*, played the 4th Concerto of Beethoven; a Madame Howitz, her first appearance, sang the great soprano air from *Elijah*, and Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart," showing her conversancy with wholly different styles of vocalisation; and the climax was reached with Weber's fiery and romantic overture to *Oberon*. The production of M. Gounod's *Redemption* is fixed for December 2nd.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of Mr. Charles Hallé, who has been associated with these entertainments from the beginning, is always acceptable to the general public. On Monday evening, moreover, he brought forward another work unknown to Mr. Chappell's audiences, in the shape of a quartet for pianoforte and stringed instruments by Anton Dvorak—an early composition, but not on that account less welcome, foreshadowing, as it does, all the strong individuality and happy treatment of the national element at his command, which have since raised him to the position of "representative Czechish composer." It will suffice to add that the quartet, played admirably by Mr. Hallé and his associates—Madame Néruda, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti—pleased the large majority, despite a length hardly in proportion with the subject-matter. It will, doubtless, be heard again not far hence. For solo Mr. Hallé judiciously selected Schubert's "posthumous" Sonata in A major, into the spirit of which he penetrates so deeply. In the way of concerted music, Handel's Sonata in D, with Madame Néruda, answered all purposes as a finished display of artistic workmanship. The last piece in the programme was a quartet in

E flat by Haydn. The singer was Mr. Santley, who never was in finer voice than now, and who proved himself, not for the first time, equally at home in Mozart and Gounod. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The opening concert of the seventeenth season took place, as usual, in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Mr. Boosey's enterprise is evidently as popular as ever; there was no falling off in the quality or variety of the programme, and no diminution in the enthusiasm of the audience. Two of the intending performers, Miss Clara Samuëll and Mr. Maybrick, were unable to appear on account of colds, but their places were efficiently supplied by Miss Ambler, who sang Macfarren's setting of Lord Houghton's "The Beating of my Own Heart" very sweetly and modestly, and by Mr. Barrington Foote, who won a hearty encore by his excellent rendering of a new song by Molloy, entitled "Three Merry Men." Madame Norman-Néruda fairly held the audience spell-bound by her wonderful violin solos. A pianoforte duet, on South American airs, although admirably played by Miss Maude Valérie White and Mr. Sidney Naylor, was received with comparative coldness. Besides the vocalists above-named, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Damian, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Oswald, and the South London Choral Association, all in their various ways contributed to the delight of the audience.

WATFS.—A committee-meeting of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Foundation to re-elect a scholar is fixed for to-day.—Mr. Gye has engaged the English tenor, Mr. Joseph Maas, for the Royal Italian Opera season of 1883.—We are informed that the receipts of the two concerts given by Herr Richter, on behalf of his unpaid orchestra, were over 1,000*l.* If this be exact no one will say that it was not well merited.—There are said to be no fewer than 4,500 theatres in the United States of America.—The city of Havannah has set up a musical journal, entitled the *Cuba Musical*.—Signor Masini (the tenor of Verdi's "Requiem Mass") is also reported to be engaged for next season by Mr. Gye, whose quondam Spanish tenor, Gayarre, seems pledged to Buenos Ayres.—If in the autobiography which Richard Wagner is presumed to be writing at Venice the old aggressive spirit most congenial to the Bayreuth Oracle should be adopted, reprisals may be looked for, and worse still, a controversy between Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites which may endure no one can tell how long.—It is believed that Verdi will attend the first representation of his recently touched-up early opera, *Simon Boccanegra*, at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome.—The report that Arrigo Boito, composer of *Mefistofele*, was about to wed the *prima donna*, Erminia Borghi-Mamoè, is formally contradicted.—Rubinstein's ballet, written for St. Petersburg, is to be brought out early in January.—Gomez, the Brazilian composer (remembered here by his unsuccessful *Guarany*), is said by the *Mundo Artístico* of Buenos Ayres to be employed upon three new operas simultaneously.—Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* was recently given (for the first time) at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, with Madame Sucher and Herr Winkelmann in the parts of heroine and hero, as not long since, under Herr Richter, at Drury Lane. Its reception seems to have been more or less equivocal.—The last rehearsals and first performance, at Antwerp, of *Le Tribut de Zamora* will be directed by M. Gounod himself.—The death of Ronchetti Monteviti, once Director of the Milan Conservatorio, is announced, at the age of sixty-eight.—Another death has to be recorded, in that of Victor Chéri, brother to the late popular actress Rose Chéri, and for a long period Musical Conductor at the Paris Gymnase; the death was sudden.—Pauline Lucca is expected at the end of this month in Berlin, where she is to give six performances at the Royal Opera.—It is said that Herr Pollini has secured the right of performing Gounod's *Redemption* in Germany, and will first produce it at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, of which he is manager.—The monument about to be erected at Smolensk to the patriotic Russian musician, Glinka (composer of *Life for the Czar*), promises well, subscriptions coming in from all sides.—Herr Max Bruch, Sir Julius Benedict's successor as conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, is going to America next spring, to direct the performance of some of his important choral works in New York, Boston, and other leading towns. He returns, however, to his post at Liverpool.—Madame Sembrich, lately of our Royal Italian Opera, has vastly pleased amateurs at Madrid by her performance of Ophelia, in the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas.—The Municipal Council at Nice agree to vote the necessary fund towards erecting a new theatre for Italian Opera, on the site of the one destroyed by fire some two years ago. They have acted wisely, not merely for their many habitual visitors, but for the town also, and consequently for themselves.

THE DRAPERS' ASSISTANT

EVEN the worm will turn, and the Knight of the Yard-stick has at length plucked up a spirit. He has combined with the grocers' and other assistants to form a "League," and he is in a fair way to get his Thursday relaxation from 5 P.M., called by courtesy a half-holiday.

How many an aged draper, now snug at ease in the retirement of his country mansion or cottage, as the case may be, must shake his grey head as he reads in the daily paper of what things are coming to in "the rag trade!" He, when he was bound 'prentice for those seven long, long years, would have considered the present position of the assistant as a household with a baby in it might look upon a sound night's rest—as something to be dreamed of, but unattainable. He well remembers the weary ache in his shoulders and back left by the load of goods brought from the warehouse, or delivered at the customer's, or carried from house to house "on approbation," in all sorts of weathers, then, when the omnibus was in its infancy, and the railway was not. Then twelve every night found him behind the counter—not much energy left in him for jumping over it—"siding up," folding dresses, replenishing emptied drawers, and tying-up bundles of stockings; he crawling up at last to a crowded and filthy bed-room. Holidays! Once in the proverbial blue moon he might get a few days to run down in the country, to go and bury a relative, or on some other equally festive occasion. Ale and meat for dinner every day in the week! A library of books, and a room to sit in to read them! And yet a cry raised for "More!" How astonished he must be!

The draper's assistant has never been exactly a popular personage. He has never yet been chosen for the hero of a romantic opera. "Ouida" would not adopt him for a novel. Swinburne would scarcely sing him seriously. The cruel sobriquet attached to him in description of his supposed one athletic exercise has done him harm in public estimation. His character, slightly caricatured, was sketched for him by more than one brilliant pen as he was twenty or thirty years ago, and he has not yet recovered from it. Many features of that character have disappeared, and though some remain, they are not the most objectionable. We may still smile at his exquisite polish, at his sweet confusion when handing a lady a seat, at the extraordinary grace with which he wraps up a reel of cotton, at his modest assurance that he has the very thing in stock that will suit the customer, at his bland insinuation of "What's the next article?" But the "Sewell and Cross young man" of to-day is not what his predecessor was—at least, if he has the good fortune to be in a respectable house of business. It is no longer bed and work, bed and work, year in, year out. Now he can read, if he likes reading. He learns French and German. He goes to Scotland or Paris for his holiday. He is a member of a rowing or athletic club in the summer, of a dramatic club or vocal society in

the winter, and a volunteer all the year round. Thus things have been marching along behind the counter, as well as before.

So much for the assistant in a good house. But there is another side to the shield. There is a certain class of drapery establishments, the assistants in which do not yet participate in this improved state of things. It is impossible to give any concise definition of such, though any observant lady accustomed to shopping can tell them before she is a yard in the doorway. They may be fair-sized places, though they are generally small; they may be in a back street, or in a fashionable thoroughfare; they are not necessarily doing what is known as a low-class trade. They often insinuate themselves among the leviathan establishments of the West End, where their main device is underselling. They are ever on the watch to see at what figures the big place next door marks its goods, going below them to any extent in order to draw the unwary customer in, and then—well, not cheating, but "sticking it on" to any article the proper price of which is not so well known to the buyer. Or they may be houses belonging to pushing men with little capital and less principle, who grind their few underlings down to the utmost extent they will bear: men whom Early Closing Associations cannot move at all, and public opinion not much. Or they may be houses in declining neighbourhoods which the course of trade is forsaking, and where every desperate effort must be made to get a living. Or they may be shops whose principal customers are servants, who have no time but the late evening to do their purchasing.

The assistant in these shops live pretty much on the lines that the aged draper remembers so well. The hours are something like the good old ones, and the work such that not an atom of energy is left for any relaxation. The food is inferior: the bedrooms remind one of a cheap lodging-house. The precept addressed to each hand who enters such employ is the old draper's saying, which has passed into an adage in the trade: "Remember, I don't engage you to sell what a customer wants. My apprentices could do that; you are paid to sell her what she doesn't want." Occasionally he must bully the customer if he wishes to please the master, and if he "gets the swop," as he terms the failing to sell anything to a customer, he must make up his account that night, and take himself off. He must learn how to put one article in the window at a figure of alarming sacrifice, and how to substitute another of the same pattern but of inferior quality when the bait has been taken. He must practice all sorts of devices for working off "unsaleable" stock, spurred thereto by the prospect of the "spiff" or "tinge," as he terms the premium which shall reward his efforts. Such is the present environment of a large class of drapers' assistants.

We have been ungallant, and have not specifically mentioned the young ladies. Let us supply the omission. In the better class houses they may be said to be, as the world goes, well off. Their hours are as easy, and their work as pleasant, as those of any other young ladies who earn their own living. They have far better lives of it than governesses, and dressmakers are much worse off. But in the second class of house we have referred to they have to endure all that we have described as pertaining to the condition of the male assistant, and more, because women will bear more than men. The position of a woman in one of these houses with a low-minded proprietor, as too many of them, alas! are, would be unendurable to any but a woman. A man has generally the spirit to send his plate up twice if he is not satisfied with one helping; but a glare from the carver, who rules a very inferior roast, is sufficient to quell the appetite of the gentler sex. And then the bullying! One is inclined to think that Miss Knag, of Mantalini's, must ultimately have got married, and brought forth men children only, and a numerous family of them; seeing that so many of the men in authority over women in shops possess the characteristics of that lady. But the feminine assistant is uncomplaining. She has not disclosed the fact that fourteen or sixteen hours' standing each day behind the counter makes her old before her time; but has waited till kind hearts outside have discovered it. She has not mentioned the hardship of the law of some establishments that no dinner or tea will be provided for her on Sundays, but if she has no friends in town, has munched something on a seat in one of the parks in quiet. To be sure she has one consolation which a man has not. She dreams tender dreams. Though the foreground of her picture of life is stony, she sees the orange blossoms in the middle distance, with a background of sweetness and light.

That the present movement may reach down to these dark places, and bring the light of public opinion upon them, is our earnest hope. Legislation after all can do little. It is the thoughtless customer, who shops late; the greedy customer, who wants things for half their value; the caddish customer, who will be loathed to: who are more than half responsible for what we condemn.

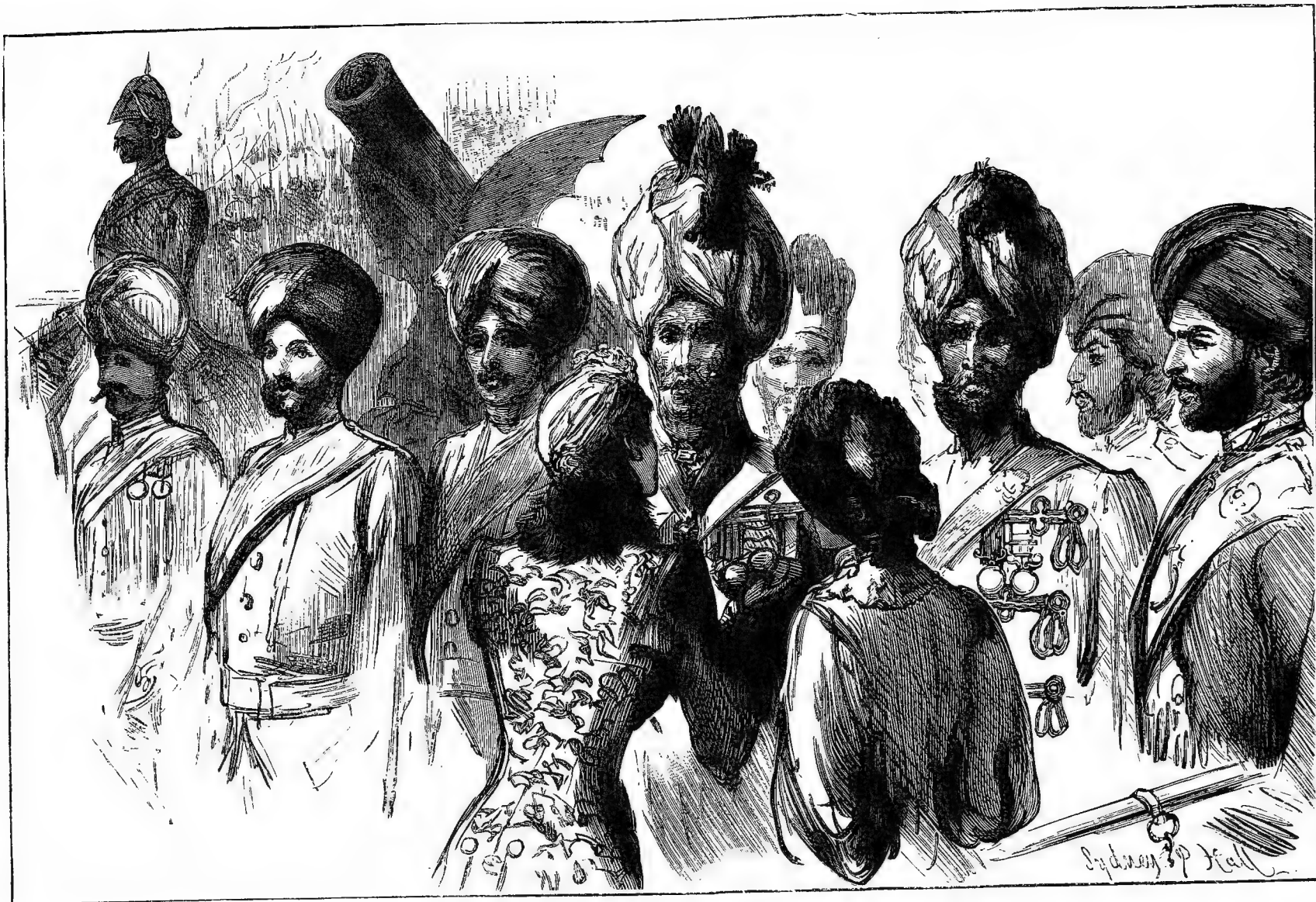
R. T. G.

A SEARCH FOR A FRIEND

THE Inspector handed me a large volume, loosely bound: "Have a look through this, sir, to begin with." This, turned out to be an album, of the kind used by the Stereoscopic Company for celebrities and professional beauties, containing photographs of the unknown and unclaimed dead. Each card was dated and numbered, and referred back to a book where all the details of the finding of the body were entered and tabulated. "No. 23, on information from the H Division of police," dated 23rd March in the present year, I find on investigation to be the photograph of a woman aged about sixty, found in the River Lea, with the marks on her clothing and person fully described for future identification. There are men and women in the book of all ages and all ranks. Some from the fineness of feature plainly well-educated; some smiling as though glad to go; some sneering in contempt of life and the cowards who dare not leave it; some frowning, hateful, desperate, disfigured; some talkative to the last, with the loquacity of alcohol; one, alert and intelligent, peeping from behind a curtain as though at bo-peep with death. Between the women, as far as I could judge, there did not seem to be the same disparities—they were more of an age and a kind, more tired-looking, more peaceful; for the most part lying back with the aspect of complete fatigue after the long struggle, and with the air of thankfulness for the final rest. Among them all there is one face really beautiful and refined. It is plainly that of a lady, of about two or three-and-thirty, with features of a very *spirituelle* and elegant shape, and fine crimped dark hair. She lies back in her coffin with as much grace as though her head rested on a pillowed pillow marked with her monogram, and her lips are closed with the light ease of a woman whose talk is simple and charming. No lines, no marks of care, no signs of perturbation or distress. How comes it that she lies among the unknown dead, that of all her sorrows and her joys there remains only the meagre "No. 29, on information from the M Division, June 15th, 1882?"

With a deep sense of relief I came to the last, and closed the book. There was nothing there in the least resembling my friend. Where now? I silently interrogated the Inspector. What was next to be done?

On being assured that my friend had arrived at Waterloo Station, I had at once set to work to discover what had become of him since (a fortnight ago) he left his luggage in the cloak-room and went to the Grand Hotel to engage a room. As to whether he ever reached the hotel we could not be sure; neither the porter nor the people in the office could swear to the description I gave. So many young Frenchmen came there daily; and besides, in the bustle of people leaving the *table d'hôte*, their attention was not very firmly fixed on a young man requiring a bedroom on the third or fourth floor. Certainly he did not appear to have slept there, nor could we find



A VERY CLOSE INSPECTION



COMRADES IN ARMS



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—THE TROOPS PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE ;
SEEN FROM SPRING GARDENS

that moment gain any information about him. The problem was how to hunt out from among four or five millions of people a young fellow who at seven o'clock in the evening leaves his portmanteau in the cloak-room at Waterloo and thenceforward disappears.

First, to communicate a complete and accurate description to every police station in the country. From Scotland Yard my friend's appearance and peculiarities were telegraphed and distributed throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. From each centre thus informed the police set to work. In London every hotel and restaurant-keeper had one of the bills; and, with his senses sharpened by the reward offered, eyed his guests narrowly. Waiters and booking-office clerks, chambermaids and porters—all were interrogated; stations, theatres, even the public-houses—all were watched. For ten days I waited, each day expecting some scrap of news, some clue. Nothing but disappointments, nothing but blind trails, nothing but interviews with complete strangers; while the luggage with the fresh labels of the hotels at Rouen and Havre still waited in the cloak-room. Where now? I silently interrogated the Inspector. What is next to be done? High life and middle life have failed, why not try low life? Not at the Continental, the Langham, or the Grand; perhaps (a last hope) at St. George's-in-the-East. Not at the Aquarium, the Pavilion, or the Criterion; perhaps at the Prussian Blue or the Jolly Sailors. At the Jolly Sailors the band above the bar is playing a schottische; and the potboy, in a knitted jacket, is doing an elaborate step variation that is much envied and applauded. Masters of the ceremony, with their sleeves tucked up, stand in the centre of the room, at once to keep order and provide liquor. The evening is so warm that the number of the dancers is comparatively few, composed mostly of Italian and Spanish sailors, beginning slowly to waltz with women in white print dresses and coloured sashes; while against the walls sit others stupidly looking on over their beer, white-faced boys and shifty men in dirty caps and dingy plaid ties. It is a scene of dull debauchery, recalling more than anything Teniers' "Boors' Rejoicing." Most of the men are "trips," "mackerel," or "crimps"; most of the women hideous and disreputable specimens of the lowest class of English, Germans, and Dutch. It is not an uncommon thing for the assembly to be temporarily broken up to watch a match with knives on the pavement outside. My friend plainly has not been beguiled into this haunt of pleasure, with noisy deal floor and reverberating cornet overhead; nor into any of the others we visit. Nor is he sleeping in the union casual-ward, where the casuals lie wrapped in their dusky blankets, stretched on their hammocks in all the grotesque contortions of uneasy sleep, grinding their teeth, and breathing like dragons guarding treasures; nor does he lie in the mortuary among the paupers awaiting burial, in plain coffins, with their names and ages on black-edged cards on the lid; nor in the little room next the post-mortem slab, where lie the remains of a Russian Jewess and her son, poisoned that morning with cyanide of potassium.

Lastly, and, as I confess to myself, as a forlorn hope—the lodging-houses. It is past midnight, and the last public-house is closed, and the last half-pint is drunk. The night is so warm and fine that sleep is the last thing that seems to enter into the thoughts of the men, women, and children crowding the narrow streets where our steps now lie. They stand and sit about, leaning against the discoloured walls and doorposts, smoking, crying, shrieking, and blaspheming. There is a knot of them round the door of the first house we enter, who make way for us with much apparent humility, and some few sidelong curses. The deputy in charge is summoned to our assistance, and questioned; he makes a parade of his authority by waking a couple of dock labourers asleep at full length on the kitchen benches, and, that done, is at our service. The house is not very full, he tells me, so many being away harvesting; certainly, he knows no one approaching in appearance the gentleman I describe. A vain hope, as I thought; still, for form's sake we examine the dormitories, and pass quietly through the white-washed rooms, and thence descending the rickety stairs repeat our search in other similar abodes. They are all alike, the same talkative fuddled men in the kitchens, the same few sleepers upstairs—nowhere any signs of him we were in search of. In the last, where places are set apart for married couples, the deputy pushes open a door and points to a little heap lying huddled in the centre of a large bed. It is a white-faced and bald-headed baby, with colourless lips and mauve circles round the eyes. It shudders, and shakes, and quivers, as though a premature subject of nightmare, or, perhaps, with so tiny a child, of nightpony, and from the tear on its poor thin cheek it has plainly cried itself to a deserted and lonely sleep. Its dirty little clothes lie about on the foot of the bed, or are hanging against the partition. "Mother's out," hoarsely whispers the deputy; "in presently I desay."

It was past one o'clock, and nothing remained but to go home with the record of another failure. The moon was getting low, and threw long shadows down the Whitechapel Road and along the glistening City pavements. My thoughts, as I passed along the silent Strand in a swift night hansom, could not help straying to the luggage still lying unclaimed in the station hard by. W. P.



THE TURF.—The Derby Meeting last week showed better sport than that at Shrewsbury, and has thoroughly established itself as one of the best of the "back-end" gatherings. Backers of favourites, however, fared but little better than they did on the banks of the Severn, though they picked out Miss Wardle in a field of sixteen for the Chesterfield Nursery, and backed her pretty freely down to 3 to 1. After a splendid race she beat Dexterity by a neck, General Wilson, only the same distance behind, running third. For the Derby Cup Wandering Nun was most fancied, but she could not get a place, Mr. C. Merry's Beauty winning in a canter by six lengths, with Golden Eye and the hurdle-racer, Theophrastus, next. The five-furlongs Doveridge Plate fell to Grandee; and on the second day Lord Durham's Downpour, starting at 8 to 1, beat a field of nineteen in the Chatsworth Plate, while Pelerine and Lady May made a dead heat of it for the Gopsall Park Plate, which the former won in the run-off. Lord Hartington's Scholastica was made favourite for and won the Friary Nursery, the somewhat unlucky General Wilson again obtaining a third place. The meeting, which despite the weather, was most successful from beginning to end, wound up by F. Archer winning the Allestree Plate on that useful horse Red King.—We have now come to the last week of the "legitimate" racing season, which has been kept up with good spirit to the end, both quantity and quality being fairly represented in the fields both at Warwick and Manchester. At the former Grey Coat and Hautboy ran a dead heat for the Selling Welter Plate on the first day, the decoder being in favour of Grey Coat. La Fiancée had no difficulty in winning the Town Plate, and Dexterity made up for her defeat at Derby by taking the Spa Nursery. On the second day Brotherhood at last won a race for Mr. Howett, beating four others in the Maiden Hurdle Race. In a field of thirteen Rhineland, a comparative outsider, won the Grendon Nursery for Lord Rocksavage, and the Light Wine filly, though little fancied, did a like turn for Mr. Y. R. Graham in the Budbrook Handicap. And yet another outsider, Vale, who more than once

showed pretty good form as a two-year-old, won the Midland Counties Handicap, beating Charaxus and three others. As the racing at Manchester, where the programme is a full and lengthy one, goes on till Saturday afternoon, we shall defer our notes upon it till next week.—Another well-known modern Turf celebrity has passed away in the person of Mr. F. Gretton, a partner in the firm of Bass and Co. He was the owner of two of the best horses of late years, Sterling and Isonomy. He set his mind on great coups in handicaps rather than on winning classic races, and till recently had his fair share of the good things of the Turf.—The sensational hero of last year's Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, Foxhall, is advertised for sale. It is to be hoped that with his stout blood he will not be allowed to go out of this country.

COURSING.—Public coursers have been very busy in all directions; but the most important of recent meetings has been that of the Altcar Club, when the Sefton Stakes for Dog Puppies were divided between Mr. T. Brocklebank's Barton and Lord Sefton's Seraglio, and the Croxteth Stakes for Bitch Puppies between Mr. C. W. Lea's Leopardess and Mr. T. Stone's Sabella. The Altcar Cup was divided between Mr. T. Stone's Spic-and-Span and Earl Haddington's Hornpipe. The last named evergreen animal showed excellent form, and there are many things more unlikely than that she will once more have a good look in for the Waterloo Cup next February.

AQUATICS.—At Cambridge, F. W. Fox, of First Trinity, has won the Colquhoun Sculls, beating W. K. Hardacre, of Trinity Hall. There were eleven entries.

HUNTING.—Rough weather and floods in many districts have detracted from the pleasure of hunting since the season commenced, but the number of packs of hounds at work and the large meets give abundant evidence that there is no lack of interest in the sport of fox-hunting, notwithstanding the outcry of agricultural and general depression. News has just come to hand that the Empress of Austria will again pay our national sport the compliment of joining in it soon after Christmas, making Combermere Abbey, Cheshire, her headquarters as before.

ANGLING.—Most anglers are aware that some years ago Mr. W. T. Silk, pisciculturist to the Marquis of Exeter, successfully acclimatised a limited number of black bass brought from America. His lordship and several other gentlemen acting in concert have recently obtained some hundreds more of good-sized fish, Mr. Silk having made a voyage with them across the Atlantic. Some of them are on view at the Royal Aquarium, while the others have been placed in different waters. As they are very prolific, there is a good hope that in a few year's time these sporting fish will become generally distributed through the country for the benefit of anglers.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Universal is the feeling of disappointment in this country, and pretty general in America, that the three-quarter mile race to have been run on Saturday last at New York, between our Champion, George, and the American Champion, Myers, did not come off. As doubtless most of our readers will remember, two of the three arranged competitions have come off, Myers having won the half mile and George the mile. On Saturday last Myers declined to run off the odd event, on the score of ill health, and consequently George walked over. We do not care to repeat the "ugly" comments that have been made on the matter in several quarters, and regret that it will certainly tend to widen the gap already existing between English and American athletic "amateurs."

ATHLETICS.—The Fourteenth Annual Assault of Arms of the London Athletic Club, held at St. James's Hall, on the 17th, was a great success. The horizontal bar performance of the amateurs would have done credit to professionals. The singletick, boxing, and fencing business was more than up to the mark; while the sword and other exercises, by the soldiers, elicited enthusiastic applause. Trumpeter Golding, of the First Life Guards, who used the Egyptian bugle captured by him in the celebrated cavalry charge, received quite an ovation.

FOOTBALL.—Out of the many scores of good matches since our last notes, we can only notice the games in the Association Challenge Cup contest, in which Aston Villa (Birmingham) has beaten the Wednesbury Old Athletics, the Old Etonians the Old Foresters, and the Druids Oswestry.



THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE NEW PALACE OF JUSTICE has been postponed from the 2nd to the 4th of December, as the latter date will be more convenient for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, has been elected a Bench of the Inner Temple, in succession to Mr. R. E. Turner, and will thus hold at the opening a forensic, as well as an official status. The right hon. gentleman was called to the Bar in 1856.

THE MANIA FOR SENDING THREATENING LETTERS TO GREAT PERSONAGES may possibly be somewhat checked by the severe sentence of ten years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Justice Hawkins on William Brookshaw, convicted at the Central Criminal Court last Tuesday of sending a threatening letter to the Prince of Wales. The letter demanded the sum of 100,000 to enable the writer to go to a colony, and threatened if the money were not sent "to camp upon the Prince's track, and serve him worse than Lord F. Cavendish was served." The writing was clearly shown to be the prisoner's, and the paper bore the stamp of the St. George's Union, of which he was at that time an inmate, though he discharged himself on the 9th of October, when the letter was received, and returned again on the evening of the 11th. In passing sentence, the Judge told the prisoner that he might think himself fortunate he had not been indicted on the charge of attempting to extort money, for in that case the sentence would have been penal servitude for life.

THE SENTENCE UPON BROOKSHAW will not in any case be pleasant news to John Norris Sanders, charged at Bow Street on Monday with threatening to murder the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The prisoner, who declared that he had been a member of the Land Transport Corps in the Crimea, a deserter, a keeper of common lodging-houses, an inmate of several lunatic asylums, and a waiter at the Wyndham Club, had conceived the idea of drawing attention to his case by writing to the Premier from Tyndall's Buildings, Gray's Inn Road:—"All my views are changed as regards your conduct, and I have come to the conclusion that you must die." The foolish fellow, who protested, probably with perfect faith, that he had no intention of murdering Mr. Gladstone, but, on the contrary, had a very high respect for him, was remanded.

AN INTERIM INJUNCTION was obtained last week in the action of Smith v. Shepherd, to restrain the defendant from publishing or printing any unpublished writings of the late Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Smith, who is now the sole member of the firm to whom all the great novelist's unpublished MSS. were sold by his executors, had written to Mr. Shepherd in July last, calling attention to the fact. No answer, however, had been received, and he now heard from America that Mr. Shepherd was about to proceed with the publication objected to.

FEW VESSELS seem to have been more carelessly thrown away than was the new Aberdeen steamer *Balgairn*, wrecked, as our readers may remember, on a dark night last October on Gray Island, South Uist. In the inquiry before the Wreck Commissioners it was elicited that on the night of the disaster the engineer and the owners were playing cards in the saloon, where they were joined between one and two in the morning by the captain, who was in the midst of a game when the ship went ashore. Suspension of certificate for twelve months will scarcely be thought, under the circumstances, too great a penalty.

AN OLD-FASHIONED but ingenious smuggling trick was tried unsuccessfully the other day at Westminster, when a Mr. Knope, a Dutch florist, was brought up for illicitly importing forty-three pounds of foreign cigars in the false bottoms of cases which professedly contained roots. The fraudulent florist besides forfeiting the cigars, was sentenced by the sitting magistrate to pay the full penalty of 100*l*.

IN THE WIFE-KIDNAPPING CASE the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, acting on the suggestion of the Recorder that such purely family quarrels need scarcely come before the Court, threw out the bill against Mrs. Chidgey and the Mitchells.

A VERDICT OF SUICIDE WHILE IN A STATE OF UNSOUND MIND was returned in the inquest on Carl Engel, who was discovered hanging in his room on Saturday morning, the day on which he was to have been married to a Miss Lawrence, who had been nurse in 1881 to Mr. Engel's former wife. A letter to Miss Lawrence was found in the room expressing the writer's belief that he would die of heart disease, and enclosing 1,000*l*. for her acceptance. The deceased gentleman was the highest authority in Europe on the history of musical instruments, and had catalogued the collection in the South Kensington Museum.

THE INTERESTING TRIAL OF BELT v. LAWES is still a long way from its termination. This week the chief feature has been the examination of Mr. Verheyden—the alleged "ghost"—to whom Mr. Belt's enemies ascribe the sculptor's most successful works. Mr. Verheyden kept a diary from day to day, and the great aim of the cross-examination has been to show that this diary contains many post-notices and alterations.

THE RUSSIAN, NOVITSKY, the robber of 15,000*l*.-worth of bonds from a fellow-countryman, M. Savitch, of Odessa, has been delivered up by the German authorities, and was examined for the first time at Marylebone on Tuesday. The stolen bonds, and the proceeds of those disposed of, have been recovered.

KENT, this week, has had more than its share of crimes of violence. At Gravesend, Mr. Thomas Eves, the proprietor of the Pavilion Subscription Grounds, was so brutally assailed on Sunday evening by some unknown person, armed with a heavy weapon, that he did without recovering consciousness. A lad named Clarke, a native of Manitoba, who had been some time in his service, has been arrested on suspicion.—At Westerham a Board School-master, named Tippins, was shot at and wounded, on the night of the 17th, by Alfred Edward Saunders, a booking-clerk at Harpenden, whose ire had been aroused by Tippins' success in wooing and winning a lady who had been engaged to himself. Both men carried revolvers at the time, and Mr. Saunders appeared in the dock of the Police Court at Sevenoaks with his arm in a sling, from a bullet wound in the shoulder; while Mr. Tippins was too much injured to attend at all.—At the inquest on the Plumstead poisoning case, a verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against the prisoner, Louise Jane Taylor.

PICTURES OF VENICE

THE Fine Art Society is now exhibiting a collection of modern pictures of Venice; possibly incomplete, but which, while giving pleasure to all who know the "Sun-girt City," will be of especial interest to those who are also familiar with Mr. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and its sister work. The "First Dip" is a noticeable picture, well composed and drawn, but scarcely sustaining Van Haanen's reputation as a colourist. There are several paintings by M. Roussoff, a young Russian artist; his interiors are admirable in tone, and the vivacious and brilliant figures tell their stories so well that description is unnecessary. One sometimes wishes the same could be said of Mr. Du Maurier's graceful drawings in *Punch*. Miss Clara Montalba has a number of those little bits of colour—clever arrangements of red and black-green boats, relieved against grey towers and sky—with which we are familiar. Mr. Henry Woods' single contribution is bright and pleasing, and Mr. Talbot's "Autumn Leaves" rich with tones of golden brown. Mr. Munger's seascapes are forcible, the best being "The Approach to Venice" and "P. and O. Steamer off Venice."

But the great feature of the Exhibition is to be found in the numerous works of the late Mr. Bunney, who devoted himself to recording on canvas the architectural beauties of Venice. His "Façade of St. Mark's" is a carefully drawn and reverent portrait of this great monument of the Middle Ages. We have here "the low pyramid of coloured light, with its multitudes of pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles yielding to the sunshine their 'bluest veins to kiss.' The capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, the broad archivolts, the glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers." We cannot but be conscious of a debt of gratitude to the artist for enabling us to look upon these glowing "Stones of Venice," while the bitter wind is whistling in our streets, and the liquid mud is but a shade less black than the sooty sides of the shafts and pilasters of St. Paul's.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE is now engraved on the new Canadian banknotes for four dollars (16*s*.). The great seal of Canada occupies the opposite corner to the Viceroy's likeness.

THE REPRESENTATION OF GREEK PLAYS has now been taken up by Cambridge. Sophocles' *Ajax* is to be performed four times in the week after next by members of the University in the new theatre in St. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge.

THE SARDINE FISHERY ON THE BRETON COAST has been unusually good this season, much to the joy of the fishermen, who of late years have been nearly ruined by the comparative failure of this important means of livelihood.

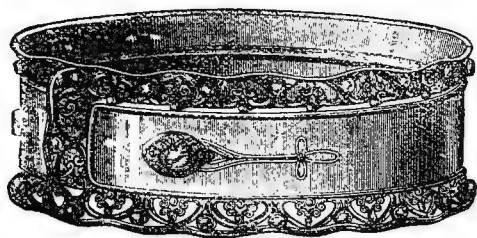
SNAKES IN INDIA LAST YEAR killed no fewer than 18,670 human beings, while 2,759 people lost their lives by wild beasts. Further, 43,609 head of cattle were killed by the same agents, although, on the other hand, 254,968 snakes and 15,274 wild animals were destroyed in their turn.

WIDOW BURNING is certainly not extinct in India even in these enlightened days, for a case of suttee has recently occurred within five miles of the cantonments of Deolee, in the Bengal Presidency. The widow was an old woman, and is declared to have sacrificed herself voluntarily, but it is suspected that she was strongly influenced by her relatives and priests. Many of those implicated have been arrested.

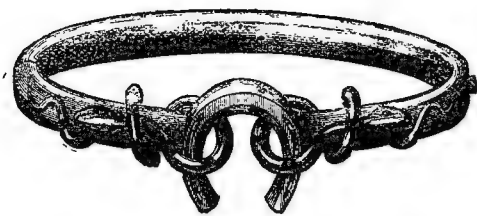
THE APPEALS FOR THE LITERATURE for the British sick and wounded in the late campaign have borne good fruit. One of the collectors, Captain Gildea, writes to us that, thanks to the contributions in answer to the requests, he forwarded 36,000 books, periodicals, newspapers, &c., packed in fifty bales, to the Hospitals at Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Cyprus, Gozo, Cairo, Netley, Haslar, and Woolwich.

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101,493.

(Signed) "H. NEWSOM SMITH,
Chartered Accountant,
WALBROOK, LONDON, E.C.
NOVEMBER 1, 1882.

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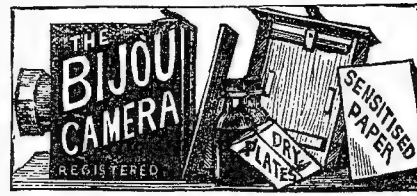
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By H. H. S. PEARSE

THE GATHERING OF BATTALIONS

IN A WHITE FROST FOG so dense that objects a few yards off were completely obscured from view, and figures close at hand loomed large and seemed distorted out of all semblance to their own proper form, the mustering of troops for a pageant that will long be memorable in British History began. A review of many thousand soldiers of Her Majesty is a spectacle at all times worth witnessing; but when to the mere pomp and panoply of military movements is added the sterner interest of warlike sentiment, and the triumph of recent victory, it becomes more than a simple ceremony, and partakes of the character of a national tribute to the gallantry of those who hold their lives at the service of their country. Such a spectacle as this Londoners have not seen for nearly a quarter of a century. It was at the end of the Crimean War that Her Majesty last reviewed a large force of brave warriors just returned from battle. Then the battalions were more imposing in numbers, more famous for deeds of brilliant heroism; but they certainly had not endured the hardships of campaigning with more resolute fortitude, or performed their duty with more admirable courage, than those men who passed in review before their Sovereign on Saturday last. It was perhaps a conviction of this that attracted hundreds of thousands to the neighbourhood of St. James's Park, and made them undergo cheerfully the discomforts of standing for hours in densely-crowded streets, rather than miss a chance of doing honour to the brave. We may not be a warlike nation, but we love nevertheless the tuck of drums and blare of trumpets; and, above all, we are ever ready to offer our tribute of public applause to those who have borne themselves manfully in fight. That was evident enough in the behaviour of those who thronged from every quarter to see whatever they might of the soldiers last Saturday. It was not much they could see through the morning mists, but the appearance of any body of troops, however small, was enough to rouse them to some pitch of enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer greeted each detachment as it made its way to the rendezvous in St. James's Park. There the fog seemed to hang more densely even than in other places, and officers of the Quartermaster-General's Staff and brigade majors had some difficulty in guiding the regiments to their allotted stations as they arrived from different directions. It was, indeed, surprising that they could so quickly remedy errors and prevent a sort of hopeless entanglement among men of various corps, while all things were so obscured by fog that it was impossible to distinguish clearly one place from another. There was no confusion, yet the civilian spectator might well have wondered how that was to be avoided, as he vainly strained his eyes in the endeavour to discover regimental distinctions, and tried to evolve order out of the chaos of mingled sounds. The roll of heavy artillery wheels on frost-gripped roadways here, the steady measured tread of infantry masses there, the sharp ring of hoofs at another point, and then again the rumble of gun-carriages in the distance made it seem a labour by no means light duly to set these in martial array and without a moment's loss of time. For men who had guided brigades successfully across the desert sands of Egypt in that anxious night march on Tel-el-Kebir a London fog, however dense, was scarcely worth consideration. Unavoidable errors in position were quickly discovered and set right, so that the next battalion to arrive had nothing to do but march directly into the space assigned to it. Even that, however, was not always easy of accomplishment. Captain Fellowes and his Naval Brigade, swinging along to the strains of a rollicking nautical song, had to put the helm suddenly "hard a-port," in order to avoid collision with a dark mass moving across their course without proper fog signals. Most battalions took care to herald their approach by loud music; when that ceased there was nothing to denote their whereabouts but the sound of feet in measured march, and that was often deceptive. The Seaforth Highlanders made their nationality known by playing vigorously "Green Grow the Rushes, O," and following that with "Auld Robin Gray," while the band of another corps, having apparently lost its way in the dim *lux dubia*, lamented that catastrophe to the appropriately sentimental melody, "In the Gloaming." Within a few minutes of the appointed hour every regiment had taken its proper place in line, except the Indian Contingent, which had quietly got into an obscure corner near the Cadiz Mortar, and been overlooked there until a staff officer discovered and guided it to a more prominent place beside the Artillery. Then, in complete array, the little army stood awaiting the arrival of Her Majesty.

THE TROOPS IN LINE

THE formation as originally laid down had to be slightly modified on account of fog, which rendered a prolongation of line undesirable. The Naval Brigade, instead of being posted on the extreme right, therefore, were brought into the centre of the Horse Guards' Brigade, where they stood fronting the Household Cavalry. The Field Artillery Batteries were moved out of their allotted places to the north side of the Mall, and opposite the central battalion of the Infantry Brigades. Beside these were posted the officers and men of Colonel Pennington's Native Indian Detachment. The 200 sailors under Captain Fellowes, who, as by right of seniority entitled, occupied the post of honour, were worthy representatives of the service that played so prominent a part in every engagement from the bombardment of Alexandria to the assault of Tel-el-Kebir. Ceaseless in their labours when there was no fighting to be done, and always eager to take a foremost place in any fray, these Blue-jackets bore themselves bravely under all circumstances, and won respect from every officer—naval or military—under whom they served. Sir Archibald Alison and Sir Evelyn Wood have declared in terms of no stinted praise how cheerfully and pluckily these sturdy sons of the sea performed every duty entrusted to them. Captain Fisher's ironclad train, with its miniature garrison of Marine Artillery and Blue-jackets, its 40-pounder and Gatling guns, was under fire oftener than any battery or regiment in Sir Garnet Wolseley's force. In the reconnaissance against Arabi's earthworks at Kafr Dowar on August 5th, in the defence of Kassassin three weeks later, and in the final assault on Tel-el-Kebir, it was ever a mark for the enemy's artillery, and always answered shot for shot with good effect. They and their comrades from other ships of the fleet were always ready, too, for every work, however laborious, from the dragging of heavy guns through the deep sand at Ismailia to the building of a huge sea-wall on the shores of Lake Mariout.

On the extreme right, opposite Dover House, was posted Colonel Borradaile's smart battery of Royal Horse Artillery, which shared the honours of that night charge at Kassassin with gallant "Croppy" Ewart's Heavy Cavalry; and covered itself with still greater honour, eleven days later, in resisting Arabi's most determined attempt to drive Graham back. For hours these gunners were exposed to a

terrific shell fire from the enemy's heavy twelve-gun battery, which they not only answered by a fire as furious, but completely silenced, notwithstanding the Egyptians' superiority in weight of metal. At Tel-el-Kebir their well-directed fusillade cut off the retreat of Arabi's reserve; and, after that brief fight was over, they took part in the rapid cavalry dash upon Cairo.

Next to this in the line were drawn up Colonel Ewart's stalwart troopers of the Household Cavalry, no longer arrayed in rough serge tunics of faded hue, white helmets, "leg-bandages," and blucher boots; but brilliant in all the glory of full-dress burnished breast-plates, plumed head-gear, snowy leathers, long jack-boots of ebony polish, and glittering accoutrements. These giant cuirassiers have often proved themselves doughty champions in an assault at arms; but it was so long since they had drawn a sword in anger, that we were beginning to regard them as feather-bed soldiers; and, forgetting the glorious traditions of Waterloo, were falling into the habit of conglutinatingly regarding them as an institution more ornamental than useful—good enough for show on State occasions, but of little account when hardships might have to be endured and stern blows struck. However, they have been shrewdly tried, and have come well out of the ordeal. The brilliant night charge at Kassassin, when they rode as they thought to capture a battery and found themselves suddenly exposed to the deadly storm of bullets of almost an army of Egyptian infantry, will long be a memorable incident in our military annals. It is all very well to say the foe was not worthy of their steel, but that had not been proven then, and the unknown has always some terrors even for the stoutest hearts. The 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, a regiment that earned lasting renown at Balaclava, when with stalwart Eliot, Yorke Scarlett's Aide-de-Camp, at their head, the "heavies" went straight at a dense Russian column of grey-coated horsemen, clove their way to the heart of that mighty mass, and threw it into hopeless confusion. The rapidity of their brilliant dash on Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir had fallen, the daring audacity of their summons to that garrison to surrender while there were still ten thousand Arab soldiers in it, was worthy of the regiment's glorious traditions, and thoroughly characteristic of the rollicking, devil-may-care gallantry for which these Irish troopers have ever been famous.

Next in order came Major Loraine's broad-shouldered gunners of the 1st Brigade, London Garrison Artillery, looking as if the hard campaigning had only resulted in making them a little deeper of chest and bigger of limb. The Royal Marine Artillery, under Colonel Tuson, who led them and their comrades of the Light Infantry very gallantly in the reconnaissance against Arabi's entrenchments on the 5th of August, mustered in considerable strength, although their ranks were sadly thinned in that second fight at Kassassin, when they bore the brunt of battle for many hours, and stood steadfast to repel the most determined attacks made by Arab infantry that day. On the left of these stout gunners were posted two troops, a field park, and two companies of Royal Engineers. Then there was a wide space to be afterwards occupied by the Duke of Connaught's Brigade of Guards, and opposite that the four batteries of Royal Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Nairne, R.H.A. One of these was in charge of a young lieutenant who was its junior officer when the battery left for Egypt.

Colonel Le Grand's splendid battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry, numbering eight strong companies, stood between the Duke of Connaught's and Sir Evelyn Wood's Brigades, and compared most favourably in point of physique not only with the flower of English line Regiments but with the Guards also. There is little need now to recapitulate the services rendered by this gallant corps during the Egyptian Campaign. These things must still be fresh in the national memory. First to land after the bombardment, while Alexandria was still a horrible scene of fire, riot, pillage, and bloodshed, they were mainly instrumental in restoring order there. They saved the Khédive from the fury of his rebellious subjects, and aided the Naval Brigade in disarming the forts. After Sir Archibald Alison's arrival they played a prominent part in nearly every engagement or minor skirmish. A detachment of them was sent on shore by Sir William Hewitt with a handful of sailors to seize and hold Suez against the enemy until the Seaforth Highlanders came to relieve them. Similar good services were rendered by companies of Marines at Ismailia, Kantara, and Port Said, and in securing the Suez Canal as a base for Sir Garnet Wolseley's future operations. They were present in force at the second battle of Kassassin, where Captain Frampton's company gallantly charged an Arab battery and captured two Krupp guns, and in the storming of Tel-el-Kebir they bore themselves with conspicuous bravery.

Sir Evelyn Wood, whose skilful operations and ceaseless energy in front of Kafr Dowar kept a whole army of Egyptians occupied up to the very last, was in command of the Infantry Brigade. On its right stood the 63rd (Manchester Regiment), whose deeply-bronzed faces told of long Indian service. Next to these were the famous Seaforth Highlanders, in tartan trews and white helmets, every man wearing on his breast the Afghan medal and the bronze for Robert's memorable march from Kabul to Kandahar. These brawny Scots were first of Sir Herbert Macpherson's Indian contingent to land at Suez. A few days later they carried the heights of Chalouf by a splendid charge, and taught the Egyptians to beware of British steel. The lesson then impressed upon Arabi's infantry afterwards bore fruit at Tel-el-Kebir, for the terror inspired by this resistless onslaught of the brave 72nd, we may be sure, soon spread among the rebel troops. There was much curiosity expressed among spectators in the Mall to know which might be Lieutenant Lang, the young officer who swam the Fresh Water Canal, brought back a boat to take his men across in, and then, placing himself at their head, made a furious onset on the enemy's flank, throwing their line into hopeless confusion. The incident was thus humorously told by a special correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"Lang, of course, had to strip, for the most powerful swimmer in the world might very easily come to grief if, with his clothes and accoutrements on, he should attempt to make his way through the long grass and weeds with which the channel was filled; but he was in too great a hurry to put his clothes on when he went back with his boat. He shipped his plucky little band of Blue-jackets from the *Mosquito*, and next his small party of Highlanders, and charged. The Egyptians must have been astonished to see this singular apparition, in boots and a cholera belt, running at them with a sword in its hand. In the Prophet's name, this must be the Christian devil—Shaitan of the white race—whom the swine-eaters mis-spell Satan. Barring the boots and the belt, Mr. Lang was as naked as his ancestor Adam; and, like that gentleman, he was not ashamed. Perhaps his dreadful appearance may account to some extent for the speedy success of the flanking party in dislodging the Egyptians from the buildings in which they had taken up their position, and from which they were diligently blazing away."

The York and Lancaster (54th) went so often into action, fought bravely, and came out scathless, that they got to be named the "Bullet-proofs." They were next Hickman's Light Artillery through-out Graham's stubborn defence of Kassassin; they lay behind the barest cover, exposed to all that hail of rifle bullets and shell until evening, and yet scarcely a man was hit. At Tel-el-Kebir they were in the fighting line, and behaved with great gallantry, though there their losses were heavier than in any previous engagement. The Royal Irish Fusiliers, in frowning bearskins, stood on the left, imposing in peaceful parade as they have been terrible in many a stubbornly contested fight. The old *Faugh-a-Ballahs* were kept wearing their hearts out at Ismailia up to the very last, but they joined Graham's Brigade in time for the night march across the

desert, and when morning dawned faintly on the fateful day of Tel-el-Kebir, they stormed those trenches to the same battle-cry that had struck terror into the hearts of Frenchmen seventy years before on the bloodstained field of Barrosa. Towards Buckingham Palace the line was prolonged by mounted police and non-combatant corps, among which was the smart company of Post-Office Volunteers (24th Middlesex) under Major Sturgeon, whose valuable services have been cheerfully borne witness to by the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force and by Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, who was commandant at headquarters.

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT

THESE loyal war-beaten veterans of our Eastern Empire well deserve separate mention, not only because the picturesque garb of each regiment they represent was so distinctive a feature in the military pageant, but because also of the gallant services they have rendered in many campaigns. They were drawn up on parade beside the batteries of Royal Artillery in order of regimental seniority, officers and men of the cavalry being mounted on Hussar troop-horses from Hounslow. Ressaldars Mahomed Raza Khan and Narain Khan, in the green tunics and flowing turbans of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, were on the right. Next to them came the senior officer of the contingent at present in England, Ressaldar Major Tahour Khan, of the 6th Bengal, a stalwart, deep-chested veteran of forty years' service, but whose beard is almost black, and his eye keen as an eagle's still. On his broad breast glittered the Puniar star of 1843, the medal for the Punjab Campaign, and around his neck hung the red ribbon of the Order of British India, which confers upon him the title of Sirdar Bahadur. In addition to these he is now entitled to wear the ribbon of the Order of the Indian Empire, to a Companionship in which Her Majesty has been pleased to nominate him. Beside this distinguished soldier, wearing also the blue uniform of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, was his Jemadar, Mehtab Singh. Then came Ressaldar Major Hussein Ali Khan, of the 13th Bengal Lancers, an Afghan of Pish Bolak, beyond the Khyber Pass, of stately stature and soldierly bearing, whose father commanded a regiment of Jezzailchies in the troublous times of 1840 and 1842. He first served in the 7th Irregular Cavalry, and with a part of that famous regiment was present at the Siege of Delhi. Like Tahour Khan, he wears the Ribbon and Star of the First Class of the Order of British India for long and faithful service. On the left of all rode the venerable-looking Seikh Ressaldar Urban Singh, a native of the Loodiana District, where his family for many generations held large landed property, and exercised great social influence. Though his sword in early life was probably often drawn in defence of Seikh territory against the soldiers of stout old Sir Hugh Gough, he loyally espoused our cause during the Mutiny, and used his influence to bring native recruits to the standard of Sir John Lawrence. Not only so, but although then of middle age, he eagerly embraced the profession of arms, and accepted a commission as Ressaldar of Cavalry. He wears the ribbon of a Rai Bahadur. In charge of this distinguished band was Colonel Pennington, whose cool courage at Kassassin saved the British camp from a surprise, and gave time for Graham's Brigade to form fighting line. Conspicuous among the infantry officers was the tough old Afriidi, Subadar Major Moolalad Khan. In the grey uniform of the 20th Punjab Regiment. He wears round his neck the Red Ribbon and Star of a Sirdar Bahadur. Like Tahour Khan, he has been honoured by the Queen with a Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire; but even this new decoration, hands, will hardly eclipse, in his estimation, the Order of Merit for conspicuous valour in the field, which he won at the cost of eight severe wounds. There are three other officers of the contingent who have won the Victoria Cross with three each separate act of bravery. The second officer of the Jemadar Banita. The 7th Bengal were represented by Goordatt Singh, who speaks English with English fluency, and Subadar Chatter Singh. The Beloochees, who are mainly recruited from beyond the Indus, are partly from the Bombay provinces also, were typically represented by Subadar Peer Bux and Jemadar Zumen Khan, the former a stalwart Mahomedan of Scinde, whose splendid physique would distinguish him in the ranks of any army, and who is not only a very intrepid soldier, but a quiet, courteous, self-possessed gentleman. He wears besides the Afghan and other decorations the medal for the Persian Campaign of 1856. The Jemadar, as his name implies, is a Mahomedan of the border. The only officer of Madras Sappers among the detachment is Subadar Jai Ram. These hardy and loyal soldiers were burning with desire to salute their Empress. After their experience of Saturday, and the cordiality with which Englishmen have everywhere welcomed them, they will probably return to Oriental climes fully convinced that London is merely the capital of India, and England a province in which the Empress holds her Court, out of merciful consideration for the inhabitants, upon whom, were she absent, the sun would never shine.

THE QUEEN AND THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS

AT a quarter-past eleven cheering louder and longer than any that had greeted the appearance of the most popular regiments announced to people assembled at the western end of the Mall that some personage of high distinction was nearing Hyde Park Corner. A sharp ring of hoofs and clatter of steel accoutrements, and then an escort of the Life Guards trotted past, quickly followed by a Royal carriage, in which sat Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, with the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who were in attendance. The Prince and Princess of Wales came next from Marlborough House, and then in quick succession other members of the Royal Family. The Divisional Generals and Brigadiers of the Expeditionary Force, each attended by a full Staff, had by this time assembled at the western gates of St. James's Park. Among them were Sir John Miller Adye, G.C.B., Chief of the Staff to Sir Garnet Wolseley's forces; Lieutenant-Generals Sir Edward Bruce Hailey, K.C.B., and Sir George H. S. Willis, K.C.B.; Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., V.C.; Brigadier-General Sir Oriel Tanner, K.C.B.; Brigadier-General Wilkinson, C.B., and officers of their respective Staffs, among whom were the Duke of Teck, in the uniform of the 1st Surrey Artillery; Brigadier-General Goodenough, commander of the Artillery Brigade in Egypt, Colonel Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., and Colonel Butler (author of "The Great Lone Land.") Lieutenant-General Herbert, C.B., Q.M.G., Major-General Higginson, C.B., commanding the Home District, and Colonel the Hon. P. Methuen, C.B., A.C.M.G., were also present. This brilliant group was soon after joined by the Duke of Cambridge, and a little later by the veteran Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, who wore the blue uniform, cuirass, and helmet of the Royal Horse Guards. At a quarter before twelve the Brigade of Guards marched into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, headed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who was greeted with vociferous cheers. The Grenadiers were in front, their band playing Godfrey's new march, "The Return of the Guards." Then came the Scots Guards, commanded by Colonel Knox, and then the Coldstream Battalion, with Colonel Wigram at its head. The men seemed quite to have recovered from the hardships of campaigning. A good deal of the worst of that; and no General need wish to lead a finer

Brigade. Above the Palace portico was a balcony, gorgeously draped in crimson and gold. On to this Her Majesty came from the State drawing-room, accompanied by the Prince of Wales in Field Marshal's uniform; the Princess of Wales, the Crown Princess of Germany, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Hesse in the full dress uniform of the German Cavalry of the Guard, the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and the Duchess of Teck. Marching past Her Majesty with splendid precision, the three battalions of Guards then formed close columns of double companies, each occupying a side of the Palace courtyard, and the Duke gave the command, "Brigade of Guards! Royal salute; present arms!" Bayonets flashed in the misty sunbeams, colours were lowered, and the massed bands played the "National Anthem." Then arms were ordered, bearskins were uplifted high, and stentorian cheers given for the Queen. Simultaneous shouts rose from the crowd of spectators, and Her Majesty, perceptibly impressed by this demonstration, responded by repeatedly bowing to her liege subjects.

Then forming column of march the Guards defiled through the gateway to take their place in line between the Engineers and Royal Marines. Then Sir Garnet Wolseley, attended by all his Staff, rode to the left flank to receive Her Majesty directly she passed through the gates of St. James's Park. At five-and-twenty minutes to one the Royal carriage appeared drawn by four horses, and preceded by the escort of Life Guards. In the carriage with the Queen were the Crown Princess of Germany and Duchess of Connaught. On Her Majesty's right hand rode the Prince of Wales in the uniform of a Field Marshal, and on her left the Duke of Cambridge. Immediately in rear followed the Grand Duke of Hesse, wearing the full dress uniform of a Colonel of the German Cavalry of the Guard. Then came the Gold and Silver Sticks in Waiting; the Field Officer of the Guards in Waiting (Colonel Clive), the Aides-de-Camp and Equerries, the Military Attachés of France, Germany, and Belgium, and then the Generals with their Staffs. The Princess of Wales, with her eldest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Christian followed in another carriage. A third was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Albany, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh. The Duke of Albany, wearing the Militia uniform of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, of which he is honorary colonel, the Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud of Wales were in the fourth carriage. General Sir Garnet Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force, received Her Majesty at the gates; and, wheeling round, took post with many officers of the Headquarters Staff in due order, immediately in front of the Royal carriage. Then, amid another outburst of enthusiasm from the assembled spectators, the cavalcade moved onward. The Post-Office Volunteers and Royal Malta Fencibles, on the left, were first to receive the gracious acknowledgment from the Sovereign in response to their salute, while the band of the Royal Irish Fusiliers played "God Save the Queen." As Her Majesty passed slowly down the line arms were presented, and each regimental band in succession took up the martial strain, the notes of which were sometimes lost in the volume of mighty cheers.

THE MARCH PAST

LONG before noon the temporary galleries erected in rear of the Horse Guards were crowded by persons privileged to witness the spectacle in virtue of their associations—naval, military, political, or social. On the parapets and housetops of adjoining buildings spectators, presumably not so privileged, were gathered in all manner of strange places and uncomfortable positions. Some of them seemed to be clinging to the very cornices. Under the tall wall of the Admiralty Gardens a little band of Chelsea Pensioners stood, well sheltered from the chill wind, and giving a point of bright colour to a scene otherwise grey and cheerless. Those on the "grand stands" could get no view as yet of the assembling soldiers, who were hidden behind an immovable and impenetrable veil of mist. Mr. Gladstone, with many members of his family and friends, stood on a balcony in rear of his official residence. But even of this fact most of the spectators were ignorant, for the zone of vision extended only some twenty or thirty yards in any direction. The galleries on either side of the Horse Guards entrance were crowded with legislators, that to the left being reserved for members of the Lower House, and that to the right for peers and their friends. Next the latter were placed representatives of the Fourth Estate, and next to these, towards the Admiralty buildings, naval officers and relations of those who had taken part in the Egyptian Campaign.

The sunlight struggled once or twice through its veil of fog, and shot a ray on the brightly polished accoutrements of the Household Cavalry drawn up in close ranks opposite. But again the mist grew denser, and it seemed as if the pageant were destined to pass before our eyes in semi-darkness that would take all the splendour out of it as a spectacle. These depressing influences prevailed up to the time when Her Majesty's approach was heralded by the distant notes of martial music, and optimists who had been most sanguine in their belief that a change must come began to lose heart then. The strains of "God save the Queen" rose louder and rolled nearer. Then through the mist could be dimly discerned a compact troop of cuirassiers passing slowly along the line, followed by Staff officers in brilliant uniforms with waving plumes, and then the open carriage, in which sat the Queen and two Princesses. The Royal standard that had hung in heavy folds beside the flagstaff was run aloft, but it still refused to flutter in the stagnant air. The stately cavalcade passed to the extreme right of the line, then wheeled about, and came slowly towards the saluting point. At this moment, as if by some supernatural agency, the curtain of mist was rent asunder, the standard slowly unfolded its proud blazonry of azure, gules, and gold, and sunlight burst for an instant in full splendour on the scene. It was an effect startling in its theatrical suddenness—a transformation scene, produced not by the gradual withdrawal of one gauzy curtain after another, but by the swift revelation of a brilliant spectacle that had up to that moment been completely hidden from view. The massed bands of Household Cavalry, resplendent in their full-dress uniforms of cloth-of-gold, moving across the parade, took post facing the saluting point, and then the march past commenced. First came the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, the Aide-de-Camps, Brigade-Majors, Assistant-Quartermaster-Generals, and Brigadiers unattached, among whom was Sir Oriel Tanner, of Kheilat fame, in Beloochee uniform. Following the officers commanding the Royal Engineers and Artillery, rode General Sir John Aclay, chief of the Staff and second in command. Then the boastful strains of Handel's stirring march, "See the Conquering Hero," seemed to swell louder and rise to a more triumphant cadence as Sir Garnet Wolseley, the hero whom all had chiefly assembled to honour, rode slowly by. His breast was covered with the medals earned in many campaigns, and decorations bestowed upon him by a Sovereign whose gracious approval is seldom withheld from those whom England holds in high esteem. As his sword was uplifted in salute, Her Majesty stood up and bowed with queenly courtesy, but with cordiality, to him who had so skillfully led her soldiers to victory. After passing the saluting point, Sir Garnet Wolseley wheeled his horse round and took post beside the Royal carriage. Lieutenant-General Sir G. H. Willis, with his staff of the first division; Lieutenant-General Hamley, accompanied by many officers of the second division; and then Sir Herbert Macpherson,

with only two officers of the Indian force, went by. This intrepid leader, whose forced march on Zagazig after the victory of Tel-el-Kebir was one of the most completely successful features of an admirably organised campaign, wore on his breast the simple bronze cross that all true heroes value so highly, and he most of all because it was bestowed on him with the universal acclaim of his comrades for an act of splendid bravery at the siege of Lucknow. The simple words in which he announced his seizure of Zagazig were Caesar-like in brevity, but not in boastfulness, and altogether this hero of many fights has well won the plaudits that greeted him as he rode by, wearing only the simple workmanlike uniform of an Indian general officer. The Naval Brigade as it moved forward in dashing style to the melody of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was loudly cheered, especially by those who could best appreciate the admirable service these Blue-jackets have rendered from first to last during the Egyptian Campaign. They went by headed by their own band, fearful perhaps that a set of land lubbers would never keep time to the beat of their "sea-legs." Then the trumpets and kettle-drums of the Household Cavalry bands were again heard, playing this time "Men of Harlech" as Major-General Sir Drury Lowe came at the head of his heavy cavalry brigade. Colonel Borradaile's battery of Royal Horse Artillery, smart and soldierly as any men of that smart service, took precedence. The gunners bedecked with a wealth of yellow braid, the officers and sergeants brilliant in gold lace, hardly looked like the same who, begrimed with smoke and disfigured by sand-dust, stood to their guns so manfully in the artillery duel at Kassassin, and pounded the enemy's heavy battery until it was reduced to silence. They bore themselves proudly, though like men who knew their duty well and were conscious of having done it. Colonel Ewart's stalwart troopers of the Life Guards and Horse Guards came next, in brilliant array, having discarded the tattered serge tunics, white helmets, and unsightly nether swathings for burnished breast-plates, plumed helmets, white leathers, and jack-boots, dear to the susceptible nursemaids who frequent our London parks in pursuit of innocent flirtation. Colonel Shaw-Hillier's dashing Royal Irish Dragoon Guards brought up the rear of the Cavalry Brigade, all regiments of which went by in columns of troops. Then, with the Royal Artillery band from Woolwich at their head, came Colonel Nairne's four batteries of light field guns, Major Loraine's garrison battery of the London Division, dismounted, and the soldierly companies of the Royal Marine Artillery, all passing in magnificent style.

The band struck up the "British Grenadiers" as the Guards' Brigade completed its wheel, and moved with stately measured tread along the saluting base. Grenadiers, Scots Guards, and Coldstreams all wheeled with mechanical precision, and each company went by "like a wall." Then in the light blue uniform of a Bengal staff officer came Colonel Pennington with his Indian Detachment. These swarthy picturesque warriors were welcomed with an enthusiastic outburst of cheering, and Her Majesty repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment of their salute. Their eyes were directed towards the "Empress of India" with a steadfastness that showed how deeply they were interested in her courteous reception of them; but their soldierly instincts forbade them to display emotion in any other way. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" once more announced the approach of a naval force, as the Royal Marine battalion, with Colonel Le Grand at its head, came on to the saluting base. The air is only half appropriate to them, and might be varied occasionally for those whose motto is *Per mare per terram*. Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, wearing the ribbon of St. Michael and St. George, was heartily cheered as he appeared leading his infantry brigade. First came the 63rd, whose companies have been thinned by long Indian service. Then the stalwart Seaforth Highlanders marching with firm elastic tread and wheeling in faultless formation followed. As the band struck up "Blue Bonnets over the Borders" loud hurrahs were raised on every side, and the Chelsea pensioners became boys again in their enthusiasm when the shot-torn colours of the old 72nd were unfolded and borne proudly aloft. The gallant 84th followed, and won hearty applause by their splendid marching and perfectly kept distances. Then the Royal Irish Fusiliers went by to the tune of "British Grenadiers," and then came the non-combatative corps of Commissariat and Transport, Military Police, Royal Malta Fencibles, and Post-Office Volunteers. The last-named were loudly cheered, especially by Regular officers among the spectators, who cordially recognised the pluck of this little band in volunteering for active service. With this the military pageant was at an end. Sir Garnet Wolseley waited to receive Her Majesty's expression of gratification at the appearance of her brave soldiers; then hastened across the Park to place himself at the head of his little army as it marched through the thoroughfares of West London. The Queen then drove off the parade ground, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and followed by the other members of the Royal Family.

MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS

SPECTATORS in Birdcage Walk and Grosvenor Place and along the whole length of Piccadilly were greatly disappointed in that they saw the troops go by without their victorious general at the head. He was with them, however, as they turned down St. James's Street, and there the scene was brilliantly impressive. Above flags stretched from side to side, and roofed in the thoroughfare with colour that was perhaps rather varied than harmonious. All the windows of Clubland seemed crowded with gaily attired spectators, who waved handkerchiefs and hats in enthusiastic welcome; while the pavements were thronged with equally excited multitudes. At the lower end, opposite Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales was waiting to pay an informal tribute to the troops, whom he could not so cordially honour in the course of a set military ceremony. The Princess of Wales, with her children, driving up at this time, alighted from the carriage, dismissed it, and walked across the road to join her husband. The crowd, feeling at once the touch of sympathy, recognising in this simple act a desire to express without the trappings of State a cordial welcome to the soldiers whom they also had come from every quarter to honour, cheered the popular Princess again and again, and almost forgot to pay a similar tribute to the victorious General when he came. Around the Guards' Memorial and the Duke of York's Column greater crowds than ever were gathered in compact masses, and sent up loud cheers as the most distinguished regiments passed. Everywhere the dusky Oriental warriors were especially singled out for applause, and they must have wondered greatly as they heard the mighty roar of a London crowd so exultant in their valour. Volunteers, Police, and Regulars on duty had some difficulty at times in keeping the people from breaking into the ranks and expressing their enthusiasm in more boisterously exuberant fashion. Towards Charing Cross the swaying masses threatened every moment to overwhelm the thin lines of men who were doing their best to keep the route clear. Not that the people had any such evil design. They were too good-tempered—too much in sympathy with the scene to mar it by any wilful act of their own, but a movement in the centre of the dense human mass would spread, circle after circle, gathering strength as it went, until it threatened to break down the feeble barrier, as a great wave breaks over and engulphs a stranded boat. The enormous multitude gathered in Trafalgar Square seemed to fill every foot of standing room. They swarmed on the pedestal of the Nelson Column, stood at the imminent risk of immersion, on the low wall encircling the fountains, made vantage-

posts of every statue, seemed to cling to the very terrace wall, and gathered in serried ranks on the terrace itself. The "finest site in Europe" then would have afforded bird's-eye views of such a scene as no other city in the whole wide world could boast. Down Whitehall, at Westminster Bridge, and all up Great George Street to Storey's Gate, the crowds were very dense, and all seemed imbued with the same spirit of uncontrollable enthusiasm. In every street through which the troops passed their march was a triumph such as no victorious army of bygone ages ever received from the citizens of Rome, or Greece, or mighty Babylon, or any warlike people in the world. It was emphatically a popular demonstration—the free and unbought tribute of a free people to its brave soldiers. Whatever differences of opinion there may have been among the masses on the Egyptian question, there was only one feeling towards the soldiers who had bravely faced danger, and endured hardships, and victoriously fought their country's battles there, and that feeling was expressed by loud acclamations in which there was not a discordant note. Those who could not honour courageous devotion to duty without inquiring too curiously into the merits of the cause for which our troops had fought and bled, must have wisely followed their principles to a logical conclusion, and stayed away from the scene altogether. Or if they were present to witness the spectacle they with equal wisdom held their peace. Sir Garnet Wolseley's slight, well-knit form and still youthful face attracted the attention of all, and drew forth loudest plaudits from the people. But they had still lusty cheers to spare for other Generals, who in their own degree had done equally well. Sir Herbert Macpherson passed some points without being recognised, but when people noted the Victoria Cross on his breast they welcomed the intrepid Indian leader with hearty applause. The Duke of Connaught received a continuous ovation all along the line, for a London crowd is too just in its impulses to estimate the valour of a general by the losses his troops may have sustained. They appreciated the soldierly instinct that had prompted him to take part in the campaign; they had read of his kindly consideration for the men he commanded; they knew that he endured hardships, as others did; and that, when in the presence of the foe, he had borne himself as a British soldier should do. What more can carping critics want?

The Indians, with allant Colonel Pennington—the *beau ideal* of a cavalry officer—at their head, were cheered to the echo. The stalwart troopers of the Household Cavalry received their measure of popular approbation when they entered London many weeks ago, but none the less cordial on that account were the shouts of acclamation as they marched once more through the thoroughfares where their forms are so familiar. Borradaile's Horse Artillery Battery, too, went by amid a chorus of applause that was nearly as continuous as the ringing cheers that greeted the light-hearted Blue-jackets, to whom fighting is as natural as frolicking. The Marines, too, were warmly welcomed, and if there was undue familiarity in the cry "Bravo Jollies" by which they were repeatedly hailed, that familiarity was certainly far removed from contempt. Sir Evelyn Wood, the most popular of all our rising generals, was warmly welcomed everywhere, as he well deserves to be, for no commander has ever shown himself more dauntless in war or a more resolute leader of men than he who as a midshipman received his first wound in the storming of Sebastopol, who won his Victoria Cross in the Mutiny, who has received decorations for many brilliant successes since, and who is always the same kindly, modest gentleman—the very type of hero whom Englishmen love best to honour. The white-helmeted Seaforth Highlanders again came in for their share of popular approval, and the Post-Office Volunteers were enthusiastically welcomed by their comrades of other metropolitan corps throughout the line of march.

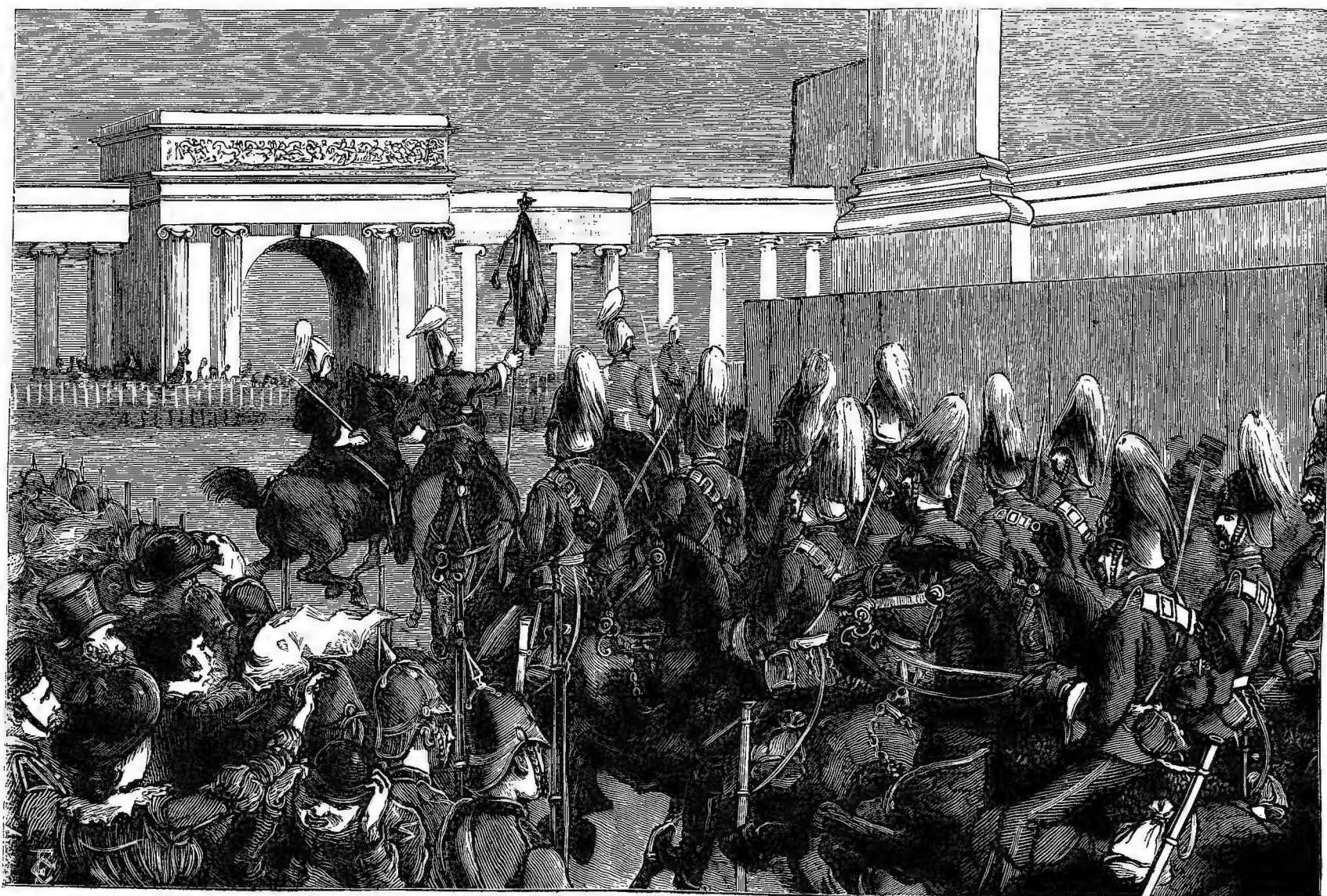
One word of praise to the Guards, Police, and Volunteers who lined the route. Their arduous duties were performed with admirable discretion and a cool decision worthy of all commendation. Colonel Pearson, Assistant-Commissioner, commanded the police. The Volunteer regiments under arms were formally attached to the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards, and they included the Honourable Artillery Company, the London Scottish, the Artists, the London Irish, the Civil Service, 1st Middlesex, 5th Middlesex, 7th Middlesex, 10th Middlesex, 11th Middlesex, 17th Middlesex, 19th Middlesex, 23rd Middlesex, 2nd London, 3rd London, 3rd Surrey, West London, and 21st Middlesex. The Hon. Artillery were to be found around the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. In front of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, last to be mentioned, but most noticeable of all, were ranged a strong body of Naval Artillery Volunteers, under Sir Allen Young. Many of these smart citizen sailors had come from Liverpool, Brighton, and Hastings to take their place in the line of guard. At frequent intervals along the line of march a snow-white flag, having a blood-red cross in the centre, might be seen attached to a street-lamp, marking where the ambulance detachments from the Army Medical Department were stationed, in readiness for duty in case of casualty.

Only once had the crowds of spectators fairly broken through the line of sentinels, and that was at Charing Cross, where there was an eager rush of youths to see the Indian Contingent go by. Volunteers, aided by policemen on foot and on horseback, did their best, but were powerless to maintain an unbroken line. Being necessarily handled somewhat cavalierly a few people lost their temper; reprisals followed. In the slight skirmish an unruly mob seized the opportunity to make a dash for the roadway in hope of being able to follow along the line of march. Some confusion then ensued, and the continuity of march was broken by wide gaps. The non-combatative detachments were too weak in numbers to force their way in unbroken formation, and so had to defile through as best they could, first in sections of fours, and then in single file at the double. Thus Army Hospital, Army Transport, Commissariat, and Army Signalling Corps had to struggle ignominiously into Whitehall. There a stronger body of police came to the rescue, so that on reaching Parliament Street the disordered troops were able to resume their original position, but there was considerable delay in consequence of the interruption higher up. Conspicuous in the line of sombre buildings in Whitehall was Lord Carington's house opposite the Horse Guards. Upon its well-decorated front were inscribed in crimson letters on a blue ground such sentences as "God Save the Queen," "Egypt," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Kassassin," and "Honour to the Household Brigade." The soldiers on the march cast side-glances at Downing Street and the headquarters of the Foreign and Indian Government; and from the crowded windows overlooking the broad thoroughfare came answering cheers to the plaudits from the pavement. The gentlemen at the Colonial Office were especially hearty in their cheering of the small handful of Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, who had throughout the day been very well received.

After passing through Storey's Gate the troops dispersed, and marched by detachments to their respective destinations. The defile past Her Majesty had come to an end long before two o'clock, but it was after three when the last corps returned to Birdcage Walk again. The sunshine had then wholly departed. The brief promise of early afternoon had faded away, to be followed by increased gloom, though fortunately there was no rain. A raw chill mist descended on the Park as squadrons, batteries, and battalions disappeared in the direction of the Horse Guards Parade, or wended their way along Birdcage Walk to Chelsea and Wellington Barracks. Thus the memorable review by Her Majesty of Sir Garnet Wolseley's Expeditionary Force ended.

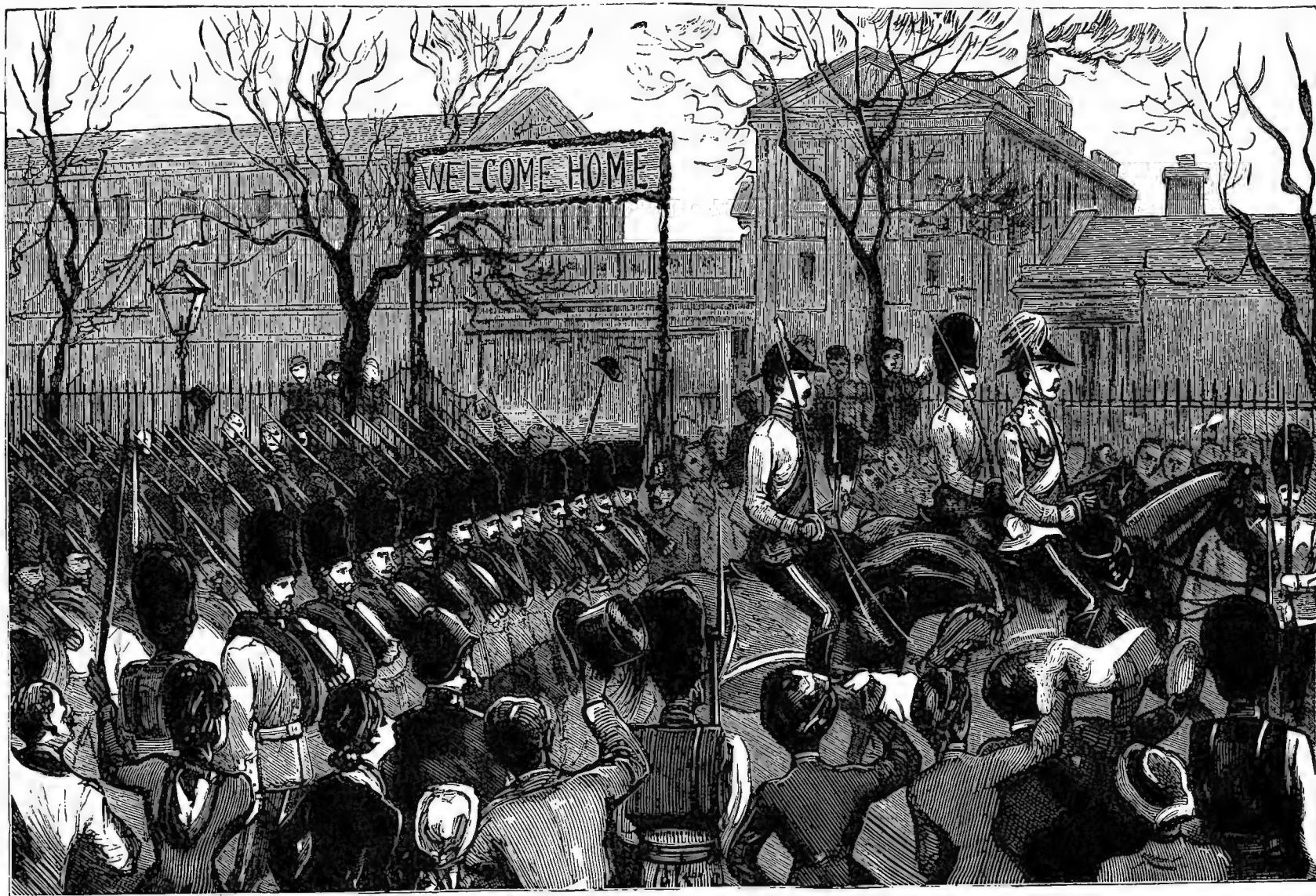


THE MARCH PAST OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE

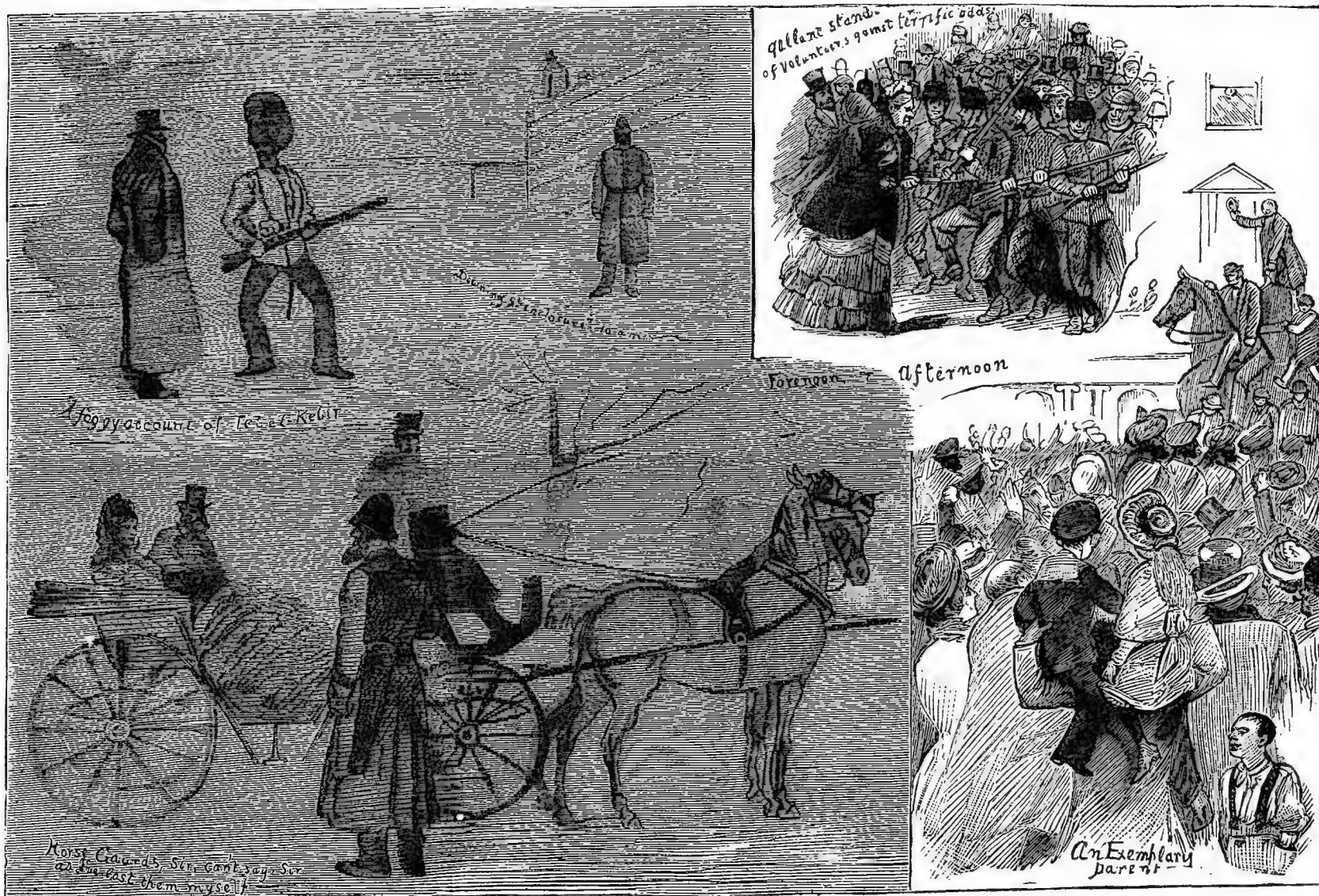


THE FOURTH DRAGOON GUARDS AT HYDE PARK CORNER

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND THE GUARDS BRIGADE IN BIRDCAGE WALK



SKETCHES IN THE STREETS

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



"COMMONPLACE carries the day," says the *Saturday Review* in a recent notice of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications. But there is certainly nothing commonplace in Miss M'Dougall's "Sketches of Our Life at Sarawak." To slay a cobra with a volume of Robertson's Sermons in which you had just been reading about St. Paul and the viper, to play croquet with Dyak damsels who did not mind giving wonderfully smart taps with the mallet under their bare feet, and to sit with one's little sister at a feast where the centre-piece is three human heads, freshly killed and slightly smoked, with food and leaves in their mouths, are things that don't happen to every one even in tropical countries. The whole book is delightful, Miss M'Dougall's simple style being its chief charm. Let those who were taken with the grand semi-official Borneo Company scheme weigh well, before deciding to go out, her words about "stewing there for six years," so that the cold at Hong Kong (!) gave the Bishop a chill which stuck to him all the voyage home. Cholera, it is curious to note, comes with the durian season as regularly as its English counterpart does with the plums and green apples. But the Malay is always ready for an attack, inasmuch as (like his kinsman, the New Zealander) he eats his fish in the state in which some people profess to like their game. The curious case in which a cobra bite was cured with "two whole bottles of brandy, a glass at a time, besides sal volatile, chloroform, and every stimulant we had," the patient meanwhile being walked up and down all night between two men, is worth attention. Women are generally most open to missionary work; not so in Dyakland. They remained obdurate long after their male relations had been converted; and, head-hunting being forbidden in Sarawak, the girls used to pull their lovers down the rivers, and land them on some coast where they might pick off the head of a stranger. One thing annoys us, the map, which marks seven-tenths of the island as Dutch, and limits to one-tenth the Empire of Brunei. We had hoped that Borneo was in the main what the world will soon have no example of, an independent native Power.

If we give less space to the other book sent us by the same Society, "A Devotional Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," it is because the title takes it somewhat out of the range of our criticism. We say the title, for in the book itself, though Mr. Cutts tells us he has aimed at a portrait rather than a biography, there is a great deal which is not included in the title,—a brief statement, for instance, of the wrong views against which St. John's prologue is directed; an account of the Essenes; of Pilate and his mode of government; of the way in which the Jews managed to keep a High Priest for life although the Romans were constantly putting in new ones. One does not look for anything very original in a work of this kind; one certainly would not find it in Mr. Cutts's volume.

"English Men of Letters" (Macmillan) is sure to be good; and "Swift" and "Sterne" are no exception to the rule. In the former Mr. Leslie Stephen is even happier than in "Pope" or "Johnson"; while Mr. Traill's "Sterne" is carefully and thoughtfully written, though we do object to a few Shandishy jokes like that which makes Mrs. Sterne exclaim: *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* Mr. Traill holds the balance very fairly between Thackeray and Mr. Fitzgerald. The bitterness of the former seems envenomed by the fact that Sterne, a thorough Yorkshireman, happened to be born in Ireland, an accident which may possibly have told in his favour with his other biographer. Swift, too, was always anxious to rebut the charge that he was in any way connected with Ireland save by accident of birth, his father being a Herefordshire man, though of old Yorkshire stock, his mother Abigail Erick, of Leicester. Monck Mason, however, says (though Mr. Stephen does not think it worth recording) that his grandmother was "a relative of the old Marchioness of Ormond." He, moreover, went to Kilkenny School, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; whereas to think of Sterne, educated at Halifax School, and then at Jesus College, Cambridge, as that ridiculous creature "a Teague" (as Pat was then styled), is pure calumny. Sterne it is impossible to characterise better than in his own words. Speaking of the illness so soon to be fatal, he says: "My whole frame is torn to pieces by my feelings." Hyperæsthesia Mr. Traill calls a state of mind which was certainly not that of a conscious hypocrite. Sneer as we may at the "Sentimental Journey," it was more popular than any contemporary work—was translated even into Polish. Dickens's sketches from abroad show the same power of giving seemingly instantaneous photographs of all sorts of people. Thackeray, despite his passionate dislike of Sterne, gets into the Shandy groove in the "Roundabout Papers," and exhibits an equal "mixture of idealism and realism," as Mr. Traill calls Sterne's habit of never, amid his most realistic sketches, letting us lose sight of the writer. Did Mr. Spurgeon in his youth ever come across Sterne's sermons? Mr. Traill's extracts remind us that there is about them a smack of the Surrey Tabernacle. But, then, few will suspect Mr. Spurgeon of the wish, granting him the ability, to write a book like "Tristram Shandy." Sterne was a plagiarist, his borrowings from Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," are, indeed, barefaced, when we remember that Burton had been dead barely a century at the time that "Tristram" began to be written. Swift, as a man, is as much more interesting than Sterne as his writings are superior to the Yorkshire parson's in mental calibre. The man who forced Prime Ministers and State Secretaries to treat him as an equal and to give places to those whom he chose to recommend, and yet who could get nothing for himself but a deanery in a country which he hated, is a strange paradox, not to be unriddled even by those who study Sir W. Wilde's medical book about him, "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." We think Mr. Stephen takes the only natural, as it is certainly the charitable, view of the Stella and Vanessa business. He also brings out strongly that benevolence combined with penuriousness which marked this mass of contradictions. The political parallel he leaves us to draw. A good many are sure to say of this Egyptian War what Swift and Harley said of Marlborough's War: it was the creation of the Whig "ring," carried on for their own purposes by the stock-jobbers and moneyed men.

"Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne" (Chatto and Windus) goes naturally with Swift, the greatest of her authors. Mr. Ashton proved his thoroughness in his "Chap-books of the Eighteenth Century," and in these two volumes he has gathered a great mass of material illustrating the habits and manners of that age of which the furniture has for some time been so popular. Some of these habits we are not likely to imitate. No sumptuary law will ever require us to bury in woollen; nor will the girl of this period cry out (as Mr. Ashton rather rashly assumes the girls of that period were in the habit of doing): "Aunt, aunt, run for Doctor Dromedary, and let us be married before the sun reposes;" and we trust the lady who only went to church "twice a year, or oftener, according as her husband gave her new clothes," is no less extinct than the candle-snuffers at the theatre. Happily there is no doubt in the case of the lady who hates everything that old England brings forth, "except it be the liberty of an English wife," and has everything foreign about her from her waiting-woman to her parrot. Mr. Ashton's woodcuts from contemporary prints are well-chosen and well executed; and his book goes through the whole of life, from the nursery to the grave, from

Newgate, with its women-flogging and "pressing," to the opera and the hunting-field.

"The Thrift Book, or Cyclopædia of Cottage Management" (Ward and Lock) brings forth things old as well as new in elucidating a popular text. We like the chapter on first principles, though we will not believe without further evidence that circus-men are more given to salmon and lamb and asparagus than other folks. We are sure the author would be right in extending to the rest of England what he says of London: "the wholesale charges of extravagance made against artisans by reckless critics are spontaneously refuted by the bare facts." The remarks on "larking" are very good; and so are those on small frugalities, to the absence of which Kohl, the German traveller, attributed the immense disparity of ranks which he found prevailing in England. Home management, cottage etiquette, clothing, gardening—every such subject is treated of thoroughly, and the treatment is not the worse for being sometimes secondhand.

One great difference between the Rollin that used to delight us as children and Mr. Ollier's "Illustrated Universal History" (Cassell) lies in the illustrations. Our Rollin had a few plates; but it naturally could not contain medallion portraits of Mr. Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson, nor would engravers in that day have dreamed of such sensational pictures as the building of Babel, and Pelopidas at the head of his troops. The Babel woodcut, by the way, with its zigzag inclines, and the human team, is terribly realistic; while that of the Israelites and their taskmasters shows (when we think of the bondholders and the war) what revenges the whirligig of time has brought. Beginning with Assyria (which, however, he is careful to point out, is certainly not older than Egypt), Mr. Ollier brings us in this volume to the little kingdoms which grew out of Alexander's conquests. His task is a hard one; for it is very hard to give the unlettered an interest in other times. National school children have been obliged to read a great deal too much Bible history; but about the early history of the rest of the world not our masses only but people with average English education have been content, to know next to nothing. We hail Mr. Ollier's book as likely to rouse an interest in matters about which everybody ought to know something.

County histories, like other books of reference, need bringing up to date; and perhaps it was easier for Mr. Mason to write anew "The History of Norfolk" (Wertheimer and Co.), than to re-edit Blomefield's book, itself a curiously composite work. The first part brings the general history of the county to the end of Elizabeth, containing a full account of Kett's rising, which Dean Stanley looked on as "the first inarticulate cry of that great movement that issued in the Bill of Rights." We are glad Mr. Mason pronounces against the Freeman heresy as to the Briton having been wholly extirpated, especially as we know an Oxford professor who has half-a-dozen good reasons why the East Anglians are mainly Celts. The rhymed Latin description of Norfolk by a twelfth-century Peterborough monk is very curious, but unhappily it bristles with misprints: *maria, meunt, caudela*, &c., must be corrected in the errata which will doubtless accompany the second part. In a work of this kind, some of the parts of which are independent of the rest, we cannot help thinking that each part should have its index. The contrast between the old Domesday list of tenants *in capite* and the landowners in the modern Domesday is interesting. Ten years ago there were in Norfolk 16,552 owners of less than an acre each. The paper and type of Mr. Mason's book are excellent.

For "Holy Thoughts on Holy Things" (Ward and Lock), Dr. E. Davies has gone to "the best authors of all ages," and his book (of 700 large octavo pages) is a very garden of valuable and edifying quotations. Its scope is even wider than its title; for passages like those on the Trinity, and that from Dr. Chalmers on Christ's imputed righteousness, will serve for controversy. We do not like to question the accuracy of such a painstaking compiler; but surely the verses on obedience, beginning "I worship Thee, sweet will of God," here attributed to Palmer, are usually assigned to Faber. Dr. Davies may be right in giving to Clough the lines, "It fortifies my soul to know, That though I perish truth is so," &c., but we have heard Miss Nightingale, who was very fond of them, named on good authority as their author. The book is dedicated to the Bishop of Winchester.

Most of us are eager students of the news of the day, but yesterday's paper is apt to be ignominiously thrown into the waste paper basket. Moreover, the news of each successive day tends to obliterate the memories of its predecessors, and hence we find that there is no history concerning which we know so little, and of which the records are so inaccessible, as that of the very recent past. The summaries which most journals publish at the end of the year help in some degree to refresh our recollections, but they are necessarily brief, and deal only with leading events. A distinct want, therefore, is, we venture to think, supplied by the "History of the Year" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) which now lies before us. In a compact volume of nearly six hundred closely-printed pages this compilation chronicles the chief events of interest which occurred between October 1st, 1881, and September 30th, 1882. The work is divided into sections, three of the most important of which are occupied severally by the United Kingdom, India and the Colonies, and Foreign Countries. Other sections treat of Religion, Science, Literature and Art, Music, Athletics, and Fashions; besides which there is an obituary of eminent persons, and, in an appendix, some valuable statistical details. A cursory perusal of the work enables us to state that in its various departments it is accurately and faithfully executed. In the Home Department, Ireland, as may be expected, takes the lion's share; in the Foreign Department, Egypt; and, after reading these two divisions, an amateur politician will find that he is much more capable of forming a reasonable opinion as to the policy of our Ministry in these two countries, than when he was solely dependent on a memory too often treacherous. If the series is continued yearly, as is proposed, the Humes and Macaulays of the twentieth century will find their labours considerably lightened by the existence of these handy little volumes.

BESIEGED AT HOME

TAKE a pen and ink—a pencil will do—and have the goodness to endorse my words that follow, when I write and tell you of the beleaguering forces that attack the Englishman's house—his castle—when, bag and baggage, he steps in and occupies, coming as a stranger into the land. I address, of course, the ordinary householder, who has moved, or if he has not, let him take his memory back to the days when he occupied his first house, and tell me if what follows is not true. Let me in the first place state that I have moved, that I have suffered the wounds and grazings that come of nailing up boxes, packing chests, lifting and struggling under weights. For one always deposes all these tasks to other hands, and after looking on in misery and pity at one's household gods, ends by rushing to their aid. The stage of pantechicon van has been passed, the horrors of new occupation and dread of colds overcome, the chimneys that smoke have been cleaned, and the furniture and owners have begun to settle down in their corners and look less strange. There is even a hope of enjoying a few hours' studious ease or idleness, and, with a rub of the hands, one says things are beginning to look homelike once again, when the attack begins.

Now with any other name I should have played badger—kept in my hole, and refused to be drawn; but I Harris—Mrs. Harris, and wanting to see me. It was too much. Betsy Prig declared that she believed that there wasn't no such person—that Mrs. Harris was a myth, the outcoming of the too inventive brain of Mrs. Gamp; and here, after all, was proof that this worthy lady was after all no mistress of fables. Mrs. Harris *did* exist. She really was a

reality, and having heard of my arrival in town, she wanted to see me. Can you be surprised that I rose with alacrity, left the particular work upon which I was engaged, and straightway went out into the hall to do honour to the lady who had given inspiration to the great man now passed away?

At the topmost pinnacle of expectation one moment, ready to gaze upon the features of a celebrated though misty historical personage; at the bottom-most depth of vexation the next, as I found myself in presence of a shabby-genteel smiling lady with a large black bag. She was sorry to trouble me, she declared, but she had heard that I was furnishing and decorating my house, and she had called to introduce to my notice her famous French polish reviver, and—well, it was done as politely as could be under the circumstances, and our maid Mary was taken to task.

"You are fresh to London ways, yet, Mary," I said, kindly, "but you must mind and not admit people like that."

"But she would come in, sir," responded the maid. "She pushed by me, and told me to tell mistress that Mrs. Harris was here, and when I said mistress was out, she said, 'Tell your master,' and I thought it must be somebody as knowed you, sir."

Relating the incident to Mrs. Scribe that evening, I learned that Mr. Harvey had been there the day before, also with a wonderful furniture polish, whose benefits he wished to confer upon mankind. He informed Mrs. Scribe that it was her last chance, for he was about to sail for America the next day, but he was giving a few final calls before he started, and before she could stop him his bag was opened, a bottle shaken up, a small portion poured forth upon a rag, and he was busy at work polishing the little hall table. "There!" he exclaimed—"there, ma'am, look at that!" And certainly there was a polish, but she was too hard-hearted or ignorant to buy; and the benefits of Mr. Harvey's polish being refused, he doubtless went to confer his polished blessings upon Brother Jonathan, or to try it on somewhere else.

"If you please, ma'am, here's the sweep."

"But the chimneys can't want sweeping yet."

"No 'm; but he wants to see you, if you please, about fire."

"Is the kitchen chimney on fire, Mary?" I exclaimed, involuntarily quoting old Mrs. Wardle.

"That I'm sure it isn't, sir; for there ain't hardly a bit in the grate; and cook's as careful as—"

"Go and see the man, and get rid of him, my dear," I said to Mrs. Scribe; and she let the grimy necessary *ramoneur* interview her, and leave his card, "to be hung up in the kitchen in case of fire." For, of course, if it should be anybody's misfortune to have a fire in his house, the very first thing he would do would be to look at the sweep's card, and after finding out his address, go and fetch him, with his fascine of malacca canes and the black sun brush. Possibly Chummy may mean that he is to be summoned in case of a chimney on fire, more probably he desires to have a standing advertisement of his black profession hanging from a hook on the dresser shelf.

Another try for a quiet write, and jangle goes the front gate bell. "Mr. Smithson, please, sir," and Mary presents his card—the regular thin ivory piece of pasteboard, with name and address *en rigle*.

A neighbour, perhaps, on visiting bent, and civil neighbours must not be treated churlishly. Of course they cannot be expected to know that I am only a poor scribe, whose morning hours are sacred to him, in a regular way; even the children know well that when, metaphorically, a white wafer is stuck upon Papa's ample forehead expanse, like a dab of whitewash from the ceiling, he must not be spoken to. "Well," I sigh, "we are not settled down as yet," and I say that Mr. Smithson is to be shown in.

Enter Smithson—tall, dark, gentleman-like, well-dressed. How can he keep his silk umbrella rolled up so trim? Mine always gets baggy! There is a wonderful sheen upon his hat, and his gloves are faultless.

Will he be seated? He will, and I feel very second-rate and shabby in presence of such a superfine individual, who, after taking out a perfectly clean, well-folded cambric handkerchief, delicately scented, uses it gracefully, alludes to the weather, asks me what I think of Gladstone's remarks in *The Times* that morning, and, as I answer him, I glance at his well-booted feet, for I am beginning to be suspicious of the cloven hoof. It has not shown as yet, and when it does come, it is only a tiny point first, for I am asked how I like the district, hear how the drainage has been thoroughly overhauled, and that the Medical Officer of the Board of Health has reported upon it most favourably. Fine place for children and for adult health generally, but still, for his part, he thinks it every man's duty to insure his life. I start, and he adroitly asks me if I have heard of the bad fire in the neighbourhood. I have not. Been too busy knocking in hat-pegs and slinging hammocks. Of course I have not. Grocer's shop. Probably from the spilling of paraffin.

"My company took the man's insurance, sir," he continues; "and we lose heavily; but our office is most prompt in its payments. I thought, perhaps, you would wish to insure your furniture in a good office;" and now he boldly shows the whole hoof.

"Well, what can one do under such circumstances? He is agent for an office of good repute, and I let myself be booked, for it is time to insure one's furniture, and I should have done it, though not with him; so I let him book me, settle the transaction quickly; and then he goes?"

Ah no, he does not. Would I allow him to read some very charming verses written by a friend of his? I am, he knows, a literary man, and could appreciate them. He might venture, perhaps, to ask my opinion. I am too busy? Well, then, he will leave me a copy; and might he call upon me again? Life is so uncertain, that it is the duty of every father of a family to insure his life, and make ample provision for those who are near and dear to him. The satisfaction felt upon a sick bed, when, &c., &c.

Gone at last! and I have not been outwardly angry. I have not told him that I don't care twopence for life assurance, and that I won't assure any more; I don't tell him that I have insured for as much as I can afford, and I don't tell him that he is a confounded nuisance, and that if I had known who he was, he would have got no farther than the door-mat; but I *do* have the satisfaction of holding his rubbishy copy of verses over the fire with the tongs till it is consumed, after reading only the two first lines, which ran something to this tune:—

The widow's trials were past endurance
Till they were eased by life assurance:—

and once more there was peace?

No—war! A clattering of cans, high words, almost a fight at our gate, and a couple of defiant jodels at the kitchen door.

Alarums and excursions and more jodels, one man in belted white smock, and with a brazen plate upon his hat, trying to jodel down another tin-can-bearing warrior, who looked as if he had a Zulu shield hung over his shoulder, but which proved to be only a green yoke painted, not with armorial bearings, but a legend about the Mild Milk and Pure Supply Company.

Each man insisted that he had the right to supply us, and rushed into the kitchen and banged his small milk-can upon the table. They might have been vendors of super-proof alcohol, so fierce were they. Mary was frightened, and appeals were made to the mistress, who wisely decided to deal with neither. In fact, while the lion and the tiger were contending for the booty—each as it happened having been favoured by our maid on the previous day, and so feeling that he had established a right—the fox, in the make-up of a small man

who assured my wife that he kept his own cows, and milked the beasts, crept in and carried off the spoil.

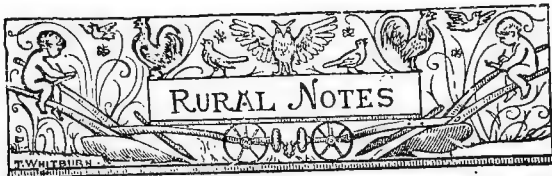
I fully believe that the butcher came provided with some of his own meat cooked and cold, hid in the coal cellar, and slept there, so as to be the first in the field and secure our custom; and of course we should have been foolish not to have dealt with him, for, as he assured us himself, his was the best meat in the neighbourhood. Then there were the laundresses. Unfortunately we had pitched our tent in a laundry neighbourhood, but I was not prepared, after a walk, to be waylaid by a smiling female, who informed me that my good lady was out, but that she, the speaker, had been in the habit of washing the gentleman who lived at our house, and if I would kindly take her card, she should be happy to perform the same duty for me. Of course her allusions were to body and back linen, so, as cleanliness is next to godliness, I took her card, even though there was a pack on the kitchen chimney-piece relating to steam laundries, washing companies, and others.

Bakers fought for us, and we had our choice of farmhouse, whole meal, aerated, hot-air baked, cottage, household, and brown. How many grocers' young men called I dare not say. Then there were the jobbing gardeners, who came ready for dire execution, armed with keen scythes and baskets ambitious of being receptacles for decapitated heads. They wanted to begin at once, and re-lay out the garden in a different style; and before one had been set to work an hour tidying up the little wilderness of soot-flaked grass and grubby walk, there were two itinerant dealers in nursery stock at the gate, each with a bashful-looking jackass three parts hidden beneath a long broad barrow of evergreens lately torn up by the roots, and crammed into pots where they might be warranted not to grow. I held out for a time, but more barrows came, and the owners seemed to have sat down before my little stronghold. I felt as that much-abused gentleman Macbeth must have felt when Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane, for men could be seen approaching behind aucubas, lying in wait half hidden by the leafy laurel, anxious eyes glared through the green eunuchs, and the solanum capricastum, with its ruddy berries, looked fearfully like red-hot bullets heated for the siege. I am but frail, and I confess to a love for Nature's greenery, so I capitulated at last, and bought, bought largely of a one-eyed man, with an unshorn chin and husky voice, and for a few hours my window-sills and the porch looked gay and bright. Then the plants faded—faded away, not in the ordinary style of drooping leaf and twig, but literally faded away, pots and all, the spot where they had stood knowing them no more.

When did they go? How can I say? Even the policeman could not tell. Probably they went to grace another barrow and be sold again.

In six days the gate bell struck, and no wonder. It refused to ring, the wire hanging limp and strained, very naturally, for it had been sore tried, that boy, with the tied-up head and a little brother clinging to his hand, having tried it the hardest, till he could make some one hear, and tell his story about his pore father lying sick abed, and 'bliged to come and ask for help, which help the young gentleman only cared to take in coin, articles of food being duly thrown away. But I must forbear. This is only a tithe of the beleaguering forces that invested the newly-occupied castle, and though this may be written, true as it is, in jest, there is a sad side to it, telling as it does of the eager, hard fight for existence—for that more homely-termed getting a living—wherein so many are engaged—struggling for the crust.

G. MANVILLE FENN



THE SEASON.—We hear from farmers that the quantity of wheat sown on the summer side of Martinmas has very seldom been so small as is the case this year. Moreover, there is not much anxiety to sow now, and the prospects of the wheat acreage of last year being repeated are steadily diminishing. The fact is that the present prices are thoroughly discouraging to farmers. During the month of October considerably over five million pounds sterling were paid away to foreigners for their grain imported into England. All this corn comes in untaxed, and as the cost of living, the hire of land, and the rates and taxes in England are necessarily high, it appears, at least to the disappointed farmer, that there is no fair trade, but in reality protection to the foreigner. Whether this be so or not, it is manifest that as regards corn-growing it is a disadvantage to be an Englishman. Prices are beaten down to a level which discourages future cultivation, and the farmer unfortunately is often lacking in the capital requisite for changing arable to pasture, and stocking the meadows with cattle, sheep, and pigs. The pastoral branch of agriculture certainly is yielding very fair profits at the present time, and keep continues abundant, in spite of the colder weather. The root crops are neither very good nor very bad this autumn. Mangel carting has been a heavy business, and the crop is scarcely coming up to the expectations that had been entertained of it. Swedes are, on the whole, a fairly good crop—a full average it might be called. The potato disease has not been as widespread as was at one time feared. The threshings of English corn have given thus far a remarkable quantity of straw. Wheat yields of grain are irregular, but on the whole an average is about attained. There is more good bright barley than was the case last year, but in some parts it has been much discoloured through hasty harvesting in wet weather. The yield of oats is fine throughout the three kingdoms.

CATTLE AND SHEEP.—The prices which were obtainable at the great Surrey fair at Kingston last week were very remunerative to vendors. Short-bred steers made 17s. to 20s.; heifers, 13s. to 16s.; Herefords, 15s. to 20s.; Sussex steers, 11s. to 13s.; Devons, 12s. to 16s.; and dairy cows in full milk up to 24s. In the sheep pens dealers demanded high prices, and yet there were plenty of buyers, and stock ewes sold at 62s. to 66s. a head; tegs and store wethers, 68s. to 72s.; and lambs, 40s. to 52s. a head. The prices now making in England are stimulating exports from foreign countries, but the winter season is against transit. At Norwich last week Mr. Wortley was the proud owner of "the finest animal in the Show," and some remarkably good exhibits are expected at the Christmas Shows. The Queen will exhibit Devons, Herefords, and Shorthorns, and the Prince of Wales shows at Birmingham two Devon steers, a Devon heifer, and some cross-bred Norfolk cattle, while for the Smithfield meeting his entries include three Devon steers, a Devon cow, two pens of Southdown wethers, and a pen of ewes. Among the other animals which may be expected to attract notice this winter are Mr. Wardley's six-year-old white cow by Heirloom, two prime shorthorns by Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, M.P., the famous Scotch animal, "Heather Bell," and the remarkable breed of pigs owned by Mr. Spence, of St. Ives.

GARDEN DRAINAGE.—Four feet is a sufficient depth, and a two-inch drain will often be sufficient to carry away the water to the outfall; but a layer of stones or rough ashes should be placed above the tiles if possible, and on these the top sod or some little rubbish should be laid to prevent the drains choking up. A drain like this will last a very long time indeed. The crops most sensitive on the matter of drainage are potatoes, beans, peas, cabbages, carrots, and

turnips. The potato will not succeed in any but a dry soil, and the drier the better. For potatoes, even well-drained land should also be made drier by putting charcoal, sand, small stones, lime, and rubble to the surface soil.

POULTRY sometimes get bad colds, and these should not be neglected. A roup pill or a teaspoonful of water in which a drop of aconite has been mixed should be given once a day, and a little camphor placed in the drinking water. A stimulating powder in soft food is also a good thing, and specially warm quarters will at once suggest itself. If the bird does not improve under this care it will probably develop cough, for which glycerine should be given. Give the bird five drops of dilute sulphuric acid to one ounce of water, a teaspoonful twice a day, and put into the drinking water five drops of nitric acid and half a teaspoonful of sugar.

GRASSES.—At a recent meeting of agriculturists at Appledore, in Kent, it was contended that seeing the low prices realised for English corn, and the high prices obtained for English stock, the farmers should turn their attention to the production of stock rather than the growth of wheat. It was stated that in the fine grazing country of Romney Marsh two grasses are mainly cultivated—viz., the Rough Cocksfoot and the Crested Dogtail. Some farmers, however, think the Crested Dogtail an unwholesome grass, and are trying other grasses in its stead. Other farmers like the Dogtail for its fine short grass. The question of its nutritive powers might surely be tested by some scientific farmers.

FLOWERS.—The proposed show of pinks has been abandoned owing to the small chances of a satisfactory competition. The cultivators of the finer varieties are few in number, and so widely separated, that the obtaining of the needful funds would be but a trifling task compared with that of getting the flowers together. The florists, it may be observed, are doing their best to kill that taste for real flowers which is one of certain undoubted advantages "the æsthetic movement" has brought us. When one shilling is asked for a semi-hardy gardenia and three shillings for a bunch of violets, the area of purchases must be restricted, and the majority of the middle class driven back upon artificial flowers or—nothing.

DRYING OF HAY.—In this column, referring on a previous occasion to the remarks of Mr. Davies in respect to hay-drying, the words implied, as a practical farmer inferred, that Mr. Davies based his opinion on all the trials made at Reading; but, to be exact, it should have been said that Mr. Davies referred to Mr. Gibbs's harvest-saver only—the one used by Lord Ashburton.



ABOUT a year ago, "The Garden of Eden" marked the appearance of a novelist who knew how to think deeply as well as to write brilliantly. Its author has done well to give her name upon the title page of her second novel, "Eve Lester," by Alice Mangold Diehl (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is—without the least prejudice to its predecessor—a distinct advance upon "The Garden of Eden." All the strength of the previous work is maintained, while its less satisfactory characteristics are discarded altogether. The weak point of "The Garden of Eden" was a perhaps natural timidity. There was an attempt to catch the cheaper sort of popularity by reproducing the conventional forms of the typical lady's novel, as we pointed out at the time. In "Eve Lester," however, Alice Diehl has struck out boldly into an actually original vein. She has recognised the truth which is the great secret of strength in fiction intended to represent human life—that there are more things in life than love, and that sentiment is absolutely incompatible with purpose and passion. There is true grandeur in the portrait of Eve—a woman brought up entirely apart from and even in scorn and hostility towards her own sex, but even more profoundly a woman than her more conventionally trained sisters. The purpose of the authoress has been to portray a woman who is in heart and soul exactly as Nature made her in the best of hours, with the addition of high mental culture. Of course there will be the question how far the portrait corresponds with any possible reality. There is a dash of manhood as well as of womanhood about Eve that very far removes her from any recognised ideal, and which alone suffices to stamp her as an original creation. Her passage from the sleeping life of the mind to the waking life of the heart is admirably worked out, and in a manner which, so far as we recall, is entirely new. A severe simplicity of style and treatment adds immensely to the charm as well as to the strength of the novel. The authoress never strays from the straight path, and has most artistically contrasted and subordinated her many characters. Her humour, also, is of the best sort, and is distinguished by a peculiar air of grave irony. While grasping the most elusive threads of mood and character, she takes a view of human nature, and especially of the womanly nature, at once broad and clear. In short, "Eve Lester" is distinctly above ordinary praise. It is worthy of holding a place in literature, and even contains touches of real greatness, such as warrant us in looking for yet higher things.

A novel by Mr. Clark Russell cannot fail to reach the strongest interest, and to be characterised by the genius of one who, beyond all writers, understands sailors and the sea. At the same time, excellent as it is, we are unable to place "The Lady Maud" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co) on an equally high level with Mr. Russell's former sea stories. In a sense, he must accept this for praise. He has himself for a rival, and he could have none so formidable. It is not likely that he, or anybody else, will surpass passages like the account of the starving boat's crew in "John Holdsworth," or the rounding of Cape Horn in "A Sailor's Sweetheart," and it so happens "The Lady Maud" sails very closely upon the same lines. The principal situation is that of the more or less amateur crew of a yacht, bound on a long voyage for the benefit of a lady's health, who, having met with more adventures than often happen to a seasoned sailor in a lifetime, are thrown upon a desert island in unknown waters. The various exciting episodes, though recalling better ones of the same kind from the same hand, are admirable in themselves, especially the description of the wreck. But the imprisonment on the island is too long postponed, is too soon over, and is far too much mitigated by happy accidents to be as effective as it could easily have been made. It is excellently led up to, but certainly proves the reverse of a climax, if not actually disappointing. In short, in order to receive its full share of justice, "The Lady Maud" should have preceded instead of followed Mr. Russell's other novels. But, preceded instead of followed Mr. Russell's other novels, it is in though certainly on the whole less completely effective, it is in many important respects of higher artistic quality. Without the importation of more than the most absolutely needful touch of sentiment, with no suggestion of villainy, without leaving the yacht until she goes to pieces, we have an entire drama in miniature, including both comedy and tragedy, nor, though in unbroken intercourse with the same few companions through the entire voyage of three volumes, do we once weary of their company. Indeed we part from them, one and all, as familiar friends.

"A Modern Instance," by William D. Howells (2 vols.: Edinburgh: David Douglas), is a typical American novel of the newest fashion—it is written in the celebrated manner of Mr. Henry James, Junior, which consists in seeming to mean a great deal, while saying nothing in a great many words. No doubt the school is at present in fashion, and "A Modern Instance" is therefore

likely to find at least as many admirers as it deserves. Those who do not care for the school will most certainly condemn the novel altogether. As a matter of taste, it is hard to say which is the worse—the conception or the execution. The subject is altogether disagreeable, and its treatment entirely ignores the necessity of any such purpose as disagreeable subjects require by way of excuse for their production. But an author who considers that the art of fiction has advanced since the days of Thackeray and Dickens naturally prefers the mawkish and obscure to the wholesome and the clear. There is no occasion to discuss the plot or the characters. Admirers of Mr. Howells will certainly not be deterred from reading "A Modern Instance" by criticism, and it would be impossible to criticise in such a manner as to attract others. In one matter Mr. Howells is clearly right—the art of fiction, at least as represented by himself, has assuredly advanced very far indeed beyond Thackeray and Dickens, so far as to have already reached the opposite pole.

A MUSICAL EVENING

RAWKINS has gone in for seclusion this time with a vengeance! Here we are, in a little German Gasthof, in the heart of the Black Forest. We have hills, and firs, and waterfalls all round us, and there is a ruined abbey next door, and it is all very picturesque, and (as Rawkins says openly) "uncommon slow." For, though there are several people here, they are Germans, and combine to ignore us; and we feel it, because there is one charming girl amongst them who might dissipate our dullness, if she only would. We do all we can to propitiate them. We dine—actually dine—at half-past twelve, and Rawkins even eats red currant jam with his veal, and stewed plums with his chicken, though I know it is against his principles. But they are not touched. It is, perhaps, too delicate a form of homage for them. We feel our loneliness more in the evenings, because then they have supper together in the *Speise-Saal*, with music afterwards (*she* plays and sings delightfully), but Rawkins and I eat our solitary cutlet in a gloomy little inner room at one end of a long, bare table, and hear what we can through the open door. Of course we could go in too, if we chose, but they seem so complete without us that somehow we don't like to. We pretend to one another that we really don't care; but we do.

To-night, however, I have executed a master-stroke of diplomacy. We have found a German student out on the hills, and I have lured him in here for the night. I have conceived a sudden and violent affection for him. He is learned and mild; he speaks no English, and very little French, and I cannot disguise from myself that he is a trifle heavy—but still I am learning to love him. For I argue thus:—We shall have supper together now, as a matter of course; he will naturally choose to sit with his fellow-countrymen, and so we shall have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Fraulein Lina (I heard her sister call her "Lina").

While devising these cunning schemes, however, I did not quite bargain for *this*. The student is going in for seclusion, too; he has ordered his supper in the *inner* room, and of course we shall have to follow him. Still, he won't care to stay there after the music has begun, and then we shall go in quite naturally with him. I hope they will begin soon. The student is getting almost too heavy for us. We have been talking Latin for some time at his suggestion, with mutual mystification. Rawkins and I have had the usual sound classical education, but the Latin tongue doesn't seem to lend itself readily to making small talk with a German student. We have come back to French again, and have exchanged some ideas of an elementary nature. The student has just written a postcard, and hands it to us with a "Voulez vous lire ceci, Mossoo?" (he will call us "Mossoo.") It is in German, of course, but we can make out something about his route, and his having met two Englishmen "who could speak French and Latin" (we have really got this reputation, a great bargain). "Il est en vers," he explains, with a certain complacency, "A sont des trochees!" We had not suspected this, and it impresses us. We couldn't write postcards in trochees in cold blood. With such a superior being to introduce us, we ought to be a success in the next room. His knife is a good deal down his throat, perhaps, but we are used to that by this time—so is *hers*.

At last the singing is about to begin! I can see Fraulein Lina's pretty head in front of the piano. She has begun. The student is busy explaining the philosophy of Kant to Rawkins (who doesn't care twopence about Kant) with a limited vocabulary ranging over about ten words, but (to make up for it) at the top of a naturally powerful voice. Still he must have been listening to the song, for at the end of it he observes, with the air of a connoisseur in these things, "Cette dame chante très bien—très bien." A German gentleman inside is reciting a funny story in a sepulchral bass, which the student finds more difficult to drown. But he does manage it, and really his French is perfectly awful! Some one has just strolled to the door to inspect us.

Fraulein Lina is going to sing again. If *this* doesn't stir him up, I shall suggest our going in myself. I can't stand much more of him. He is still hammering away at Kant, and we *can't* stop him. "La théorie de Kant," he roars, "est que—" and then suddenly he drops Kant, and bellows across to me *à propos* of the song, which is now in its second verse, "Elle a une très belle voix!"

Then a terrible thing happens. Some one gets up inside, walks to the door, and slams it angrily. Rawkins and I sit staring blankly at one another for a few moments. The student *can't* understand why the door was shut; he wants to go and open it again, but we stop him. One unpleasantness of that sort is enough for an evening.

And this is the end of it—that confounded student has settled our business! Fraulein Lina will put it all down to us. We shall be outer barbarians to her after this.

And to think of all the hopes I had founded on him! We glare at him with smothered hatred, but he doesn't notice it. He beams at us benevolently through his glasses. He is more friendly than ever, and presents us with his card, and a little yellow one with "Stud. Phil." after the name. He says he is "Kavi de vous avez recontre," and we can only growl. He drinks our health with University honours. When he says "Nach kommen," or something like it, we are expected to fill our glasses, and clink them against his, and he shouts "Pros't!" We drink and say "Pros't" in sullen submission, as we don't quite see our way to quarrelling with him in a foreign language.

The worst of it is that we shall be boxed up with him now all the evening; there's only one door, and, after this, I won't go through the next room while they are in it. He is getting, in a solemn way, very festive indeed—he has had two bottles of wine already, and has just lighted an immense brown pipe and called for a bottle of beer. The he asks us if we are "musicales"—he is, he modestly owns, "musical un peu." To prove that he is speaking the truth, he bursts suddenly into a roaring student-song, "Gow-day-ah-moos eegitoor, juvenes doom soomoo!" he bellows to no particular tune, and with his eyes fixed severely on his bottle of beer. We receive it in stern silence, not wishing to encourage him, but he takes that as a sort of encore—with which he complies. Then he wants us to sing to him a "chanson Anglaise." We excuse ourselves with marked coldness. Inside there is a sound of stifled laughter—they are putting all *this* down to us too!

He is at it again—now he is trumpeting out a declaration that he is a "Preupiger" (which nobody said he wasn't), and at this point I begin to notice with horror that it is getting too much for Rawkins—he is giggling helplessly! He sits with his back turned to the student and a deep melancholy on his brow, till I catch his eye, and



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE

then he snatches at a *Kölnische Zeitung*, and retires behind it precipitately; but I can hear a suspicious "click" and gurgling sounds, and see his shoulders shaking. If the student catches him like that, I don't know what will happen—bloodshed, perhaps—he isn't my idea of a duellist, but there's a big scar on his cheek; luckily for Rawkins, however, he can't take his eye from the bottle.

The student is still singing. Rawkins is almost hysterical: "I can't laugh—I feel more inclined to cry! Now and then there is a pause to 'Nach kommen' and clink, which just keeps me awake. It is not what I expected, I thought. I am in the same room with Fraulein Lina after all! She can speak English. I explain everything to her, and she quite understands. She—hallo! eh, have I been asleep—where am I?"

Back in the inner room; the door is open now, the *Speise-Saal* deserted and dark; Rawkins has saved himself, and I am sitting alone with the student in the dying lamplight—he has just finished another song. I don't think the beer has quite agreed with him, for he blinks at me with an owl-like gravity and says, with a touch of melancholy, "Après le vin, la bière n'est pas bon." Serve him right!

THE ABOLITION OF THE FELS

THE fact that the station employs only one aid to the "master" must be the apology for the equivocal alteration in the quotation; but it was whilst waiting for the train in Westmoreland, and whilst we "hung with grooms and porter on the bridge," that my friend drew my attention to the gradual "abolition of the Fells." It was a scene such as the Solitary looked upon:

A healthy plain
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us.

But between us and the prospect there stretched the two "parallel bars of iron" that have in half a century allowed a revolution of the world to take place, and to shadow forth, even in far Westmoreland, changes as great in the future. Not that these green-clad hills will lose their "everlasting" character, but that there has been commenced an abolition of the freedom of the Fells, and a broadening down of the custom "from precedent to precedent." In one or two of the Northern counties the "Fell" is one of the best known of the natural points in the landscape; and in remote Westmoreland, in the days when it was least known of the counties, the Fells played no unimportant part in the nurture of a race that was and is brave, simple, kindly, and robust. Let the memory be taken back beyond the days when Brougham was carrying on, half a century and more ago, those wonderful election fights which shook the North in those days, the Fell was the chief of the possessions which were common to the people of Westmoreland. Along the "backbone of England," which on the one side is drained in the far North by the Eden, flowing in a fat and fruitful valley, and on the other by the darker Lune, there were, and are, a series of sloping hill-sides, not cultivated nor enclosed, common as grazing ground alike to the cattle of the "statesman" and the cow of the cottager, and on the moorland and upper portions of which hundreds of black-faced sheep fed. These "Fells" may be described with little exaggeration as the source of much of the wealth of the Westmoreland farmers and "statesmen." The dwellers in the villages turned out their kine there to graze; the 'statesmen—men who had little plots they farmed of their own land, and who loved "yearly little dues of wheat"—if not of wine and oil—like the cleavers of the soil the lotos eaters saw,—these 'statesmen turned flocks of sheep on to the Fells, and found in the latter much of their sustenance. The Fells gave them grand mutton, gave them wool for the "homespun" that they and their kin wore; gave them fuel in the shape of peat in the days when coal had to be brought a score of miles, and gave them additional "bedding" for their cattle that was acceptable in a region where arable land and straw are still scarce.

Prominent points in the landscape are the Fells. They mount in greenness from the villages,—a mortarless wall being often their boundary, and an occasional lime kiln, that tells of the days when chemical manures were unknown, being one of the few landmarks. The greenness of the rather coarse grass is little broken; few roads cross them; the sheep tracks are visible only when close to them, and the water-courses that run torrents down the sides in winter are moss-tinged in summer. A few big boulders borne in past ice-ages darken the surface; and in a few places the limestone crops to the surface in grey masses. Mount the springy turf to the top of the moor—a thousand feet or more above the sea,—and a panorama is before of fair Westmoreland valleys, of small villages sending up columns of smoke, of halls and churches, grey and olden, peeping out from amongst the trees. There are few towns and fewer factories, and yet it is a region where, if the richest are not poor, usually "the poorest have abundance," because of the generations of toil and the life-long habits of frugality.

It is a land of legend. There is a river whose course was attempted to be altered, but which rolls on still in defiance of the Pendragon who desired to turn it from its ancient bed; there stands on an eminence a church which generations ago was intended to be built on the lower ground; but the Evil One, desiring to make its ascent difficult, came out at nights, and "with leather apron, bore the stones regularly to the top of the mount," till the workmen accepted the evil hint, and there commenced labours; whilst the work of the fairy folk was noted, and the doings of the Court of the mythic Arthur are known—in fable, if not in fact.

Around the Fells is a race that is noble, physically and morally. "The lusty lads, and large of length," that dwell in one of these hill-side localities, have passed into ballad fame; and the sagacity, the endurance, and the thrift of the men of Westmoreland have become in the North proverbial. There linger yet families whose staff of life is the "wholesome poddish"—to add their dialectic word to Burns's adjective—and the famed *havre bread*; whose dress is of homespun, whose dwellings are oft thatched-covered, whose hearth has the peculiar ash-pit therein, and on the bared beams of whose ceilings may be seen the bark that covered the trees two or three centuries ago. Their dwellings are famous receptacles of furniture of black oak, of ancient china, and many a wall is massive enough to support the assaults that were endured in the distant days when the Scots came down, and found shelter in the woods and forests that are now treeless Fells.

The entrance of railways into this fair and remote region speedily affected the Fell country. It made land often too valuable to be retained in the small "parcels" in which the 'statesmen owned it; it gave the farmer outlets for his cattle, and lessened grain production and land labour; and it allowed much of the youth of the Fells to leave for great cities. Greater flocks were thrust on these great natural and free grazing farms, and from one side or the other, with the complaints as to over-feeding thereon, there were demands for boundary definitions, for Enclosure Acts, and for similar steps. Patches here and there were enclosed, and the fines the lords of the manors levied were slight but objectionable, so that from varied causes there have been enclosures of the Fells in parts, whilst in others the step is in process of being effected. Thus "Stainmore's shapeless swell" is likely to know speedily the dividing lines of boundary walls and fences; and others will this year add their thousands of acres to the once free wild land that is to be defined to each person with prescriptive right in the unpoetical phrases of "cattle gait" or "stints." But though there may be a cultivation of the land greater than now, there will be the removal of what is one of the features of the landscape. In the summer it rises green and dotted with many a sheep;

in autumn before the grass is tinged with dull brown, and the rowan trees in the ghylls put on amber leaves, the distant echo of the sportsman's gun is heard over its fresh and fern-fringed sides; and in winter its "brawling brooks and caves presageful send a hollow moan," like the fens that Thomson pictures, or the snow makes it a high table-land, as it seems, white and untrodden; and only at its base impinged on by a few straggling firs and ancient yews. This is the scenery and surroundings which the abolition of the Fells and the gradual enclosure of so much of what was wild land will remove. The Fells, as they were, have been happily styled, "the fresh, rough, heathery parts of Nature where the air is freshest, and where the linnets sing."

J. W. S.

A LITERARY CAMPAIGN

LITERARY controversies in our own time and country have fortunately lost the personal tone of acrimony and violence that gave to such conflicts in the last century a mingled savour of piquancy and coarseness to which our gentler and more fastidious critical taste is unfriendly. We regard the literary and political polemics of the days of Pope in the large and lenient light of curiosities in controversy, in which view, perhaps, a natural admiration of the sustained and vigorous conduct of the fight is rendered incapable of being elevated into enthusiasm by our just sense of its exaggerated invective, and the ludicrous triviality of its issues. We no longer hale an unhappy delinquent into the censorial court, and make unfair capital of his dress and personal eccentricities, or denounce an author's work on the sole ground of their divergence in morals and politics from our own more enlightened views.

This is one of those matters which are better ordered here than in France, where some of the more exasperating and pungent of M. Zola's literary assaults on his opponents have been lately collected and published under the appropriate title "Une Campagne." In these contributions to combative journalism are to be found all the more aggressive and demonstrative sallies of their author, who, from his retreat at Midan, has during the past year launched his heavy projectiles into the enemy's camp, amid many explosions more or less injurious to the ear, and invariably accompanied by the clamorous opprobrium of his robust individuality. Through all the din, the wild slogan of naturalism is heard, and the whole campaign, which has been pregnant in resilient results to M. Zola, reminds the observer of the warfare of an era of barbarism rather than the present age, which is regarded by the leader of the onslaught as the pure age of scientific reason. There is an abundance of straight downright hitting in these essays in criticism, but also a surprising absence of finesse and strategy. The irony is broad, and too obvious a weapon to be very deadly, and there is a crudity in the application of inuendo and the retort courteous very rare in a French writer. The martial strains of the naturalistic faction are too persistently savage in character to be of artistic effect, and the soft flute tones of the entr'acte melodies, which M. Zola has omitted, but promises to produce in a future volume, might have been welcomed as a relief, though it must be admitted that a knowledge of his works does not justify even the most sanguine in anticipating much amelioration therefrom. It is, however, a very pretty device, after having knocked your opponent down, to allay the pain of his situation with Lydian airs, or to point the moral of your assault and battery with an exordium on the advantages of following in criticism pure truth, of which excellent advice M. Zola is, it appears, the sole practical exponent. There is something entertaining in associating this high moral office with the author of "L'Assommoir," yet in his paper on the impotency of modern criticism we are gravely assured that criticism in France is ineffectual, because critics are wanting in moral courage, and that he himself has ever, in season and out of season, spoken nothing but absolute truth, and judged with the judgment of Daniel. The conception of M. Zola as a purist at once and the author of the Rougon-Macquart novels is one which only could have occurred to himself; the audacity and effrontery of the pose forms a veritable *coup de théâtre*. The *quondam feuilletoniste* of Paris becomes the moral philosopher of Midan.

These latest utterances of M. Zola may be divided into two sections, the one treating of political and social subjects, the other comprising literary critiques. The political papers sufficiently show that their author is no politician. He has nothing favourable to say of any party, and M. Floquet, M. Gambetta, and M. de Cassagnac all appear to him mere mediocrities unworthy of public applause in an age of pure reason. He regards political men from the standpoint of his literary prejudices. Thus M. Clémenceau is a very superior speaker to M. Gambetta, and the true representative orator of his time, because he never indulges in rhetoric; M. Jules Simon speaks with fine taste and correct judgment, and, being literary, is also vastly a better man than M. Gambetta. This is a fair instance of M. Zola's critical method. Rhetoric has ever been considered one of the graces of oratory; but M. Zola dislikes rhetoric. M. Gambetta employs it, and therefore is no orator. The fact that he can obtain the hearing of a vast multitude, as no other man in France can, is nothing to the contrary; the fatal objection remains; he makes use of rhetoric, which M. Zola detests. In his judgment of literature and the drama the same unimaginative critical vision is exhibited, accompanied by an iconoclastic spirit of irreverence shown not only towards the classics of antiquity, but also to his great contemporaries. Forced to admit the superb lyrical faculty of Victor Hugo, he yet never loses an opportunity of sneering at that poet's astonishing felicity and fecundity of phrase as a rhetorical delusion; poor M. Lerschelle is subjected to a torrent of ungentle banter for having revived "Marie Tudor," and M. Sarcey, for merely having affirmed his constant faith in the romantic drama, is scolded severely. Even when M. Zola finds it his hard fate to commend a writer it is invariably effected at the expense of much covert detraction of another, as in a strong protest entitled, "Une Statue pour Balzac," there is, with all the just effusion of praise for that great author, a violent and ill-veiled attack on Dumas the Elder, whose romances, we are told, are fast being consigned to the limbo of literature. "Les Trois Mousquetaires," &c., will soon rejoin the romances of Mlle. de Scudéry, while those of Balzac, being naturalistic in treatment, are assured of immortality. The nominal offence of Dumas is, it appears, that he was a mere amuser, the real offence undoubtedly is that M. Zola finds it hard to get rid of the disagreeable fact that in him exists a romancer, pure and simple, whose works are immensely popular, and that consequently he is a striking refutation of M. Zola's favourite line of argument. The strong fact of the popularity of Dumas must be extremely unpleasant to the professor of the exact truth in criticism, who denies all but facts, who boasts of having suppressed the Ideal in Art and literature, who has made void the heaven of the romancers, and shattered the idols of their worship. It is a sweet and soothing speculation to inquire as to how far it has occurred to M. Zola that there is a possibility of those stern and immutable dogmas which he regards as facts becoming in the future the objects of the iconoclastic fury of his now devoted lieutenants, MM. de Maupassant and Alexis. Far stranger revolutions than this have before now desolated the critical intelligence of France. These young men, whose writings are the subject of one of M. Zola's papers, will doubtless further develop the ideas of their master, and may be easily and logically led to an excess of devotion in the cause of the exact truth and eternal beauty of naturalism. It is difficult, indeed, to discover upon what ground M. Zola bases his excessive laudation of the works of MM. Huysmans and Céard,

unless it be offered as a *douceur* in return for their worship and the sincere flattery of their imitation. M. Henry Céard, for instance, has produced a novel, "Une Belle Journée," which is nothing more or less than an episode from Flaubert's best known romance, in which, without any approach to Flaubert's power, or any indication of the possession of a tithe of his genius, he dissects, after a very bald and commonplace method, the struggles with temptation of a vulgar and commonplace woman.

And this is the literature of the future; the literary expression of the police courts and assizes, before which the works of Victor Hugo, Scott, and Dumas are to disappear. And this puritan and crude verbiage, dramatised, is to push from the stage the whole romantic drama; and shameless and polluting series of *tableaux*, such as "Nana," are to relegate to the library shelves the works of Alfred de Musset and Hugo. Happily there is not even in Paris, and with all this strenuous propaganda, the least sign of the bright dawn of the coming drama of facts. Nor is there much fear of such an advent; notoriety is, fortunately, always evanescent in character, even when it is the product of a strong and self-assertive individualism like that of M. Zola.

J. A. B.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

III.

PROFESSOR CHURCH's annual addition to his valuable series of classical abstracts is now one of the regular Christmas features, and his "Stories from Livy" (Seeley) needs no apologetic preface. The writer brings to his paraphrase of the Roman historian the same care and skill with which he has similarly treated the Greek authors, and invests the familiar tales of Roman valour with a fresh charm. Accompanied by appropriate plates from Pinelli's designs, Professor Church's work is one of the best possible gift-books for young people.

As holidays draw near it is as well to look out for suitable prizes, and one group of books seem especially adapted for the purpose. Well-bound and illustrated, they deal with those subjects of adventure always fascinating to boys, and moreover are of healthy tone. Three are provided by Mr. Henty, who is not only a taking writer, but keeps his facts true to history. Of course all the heroes perform impossible feats, and are marvels of resource and ingenuity. Boys, however, will enjoy the miraculous whether these youthful wonders travel to the Crusades in "Winning His Spurs" (Sampson Low), and help to free Cœur de Lion; sail "Under Drake's Flag" (Blackie) to the Spanish Main to conquer fierce natives and escape from the dreaded Inquisition, or whether they stay at home in a mining village "Facing Death" (Blackie) to baffle rioters, escape from colliery accidents, and influence aright their young companions. And of seafaring exploits here are smugglers captured and Jacobite plots frustrated by the merry stripling of Mr. G. Manville Fenn's spirited "In the King's Name" (Blackie), while many interesting adventures occur during Dr. Gordon Stables' cheery record of "The Cruise of the *Snowbird*" (Hodder and Stoughton) in Scotch lochs and Arctic waters. Pirates, shipwrecks, pestilence, famine, and other cheerful ingredients combine in "The Mutiny of the *Leander*" (Sampson Low), where Mr. Heldmann revels in horrors rather of the Penny Dreadful type, so that after this even the rude dealings of Redskins seem a little mild, though detailed by Lieutenant-Colonel Butler in "Red Cloud" (Sampson Low). But the adventures of the solitary Sioux and his European friends in American wilds are none the less diverting.

The New World—but in earlier days—is the scene also of "Gold and Glory" (Shaw), whose hero follows Columbus and Cortes on their mission of conquest. Miss Stebbing usually deals with more prosaic subjects, but she is equally successful in painting with bolder tints this historical picture of an eventful period. A less familiar page of history has been studied for "Hubert d'Arcy" (Shaw), by N. Payne Galloway. Like Mr. Henty, the author tells a tale of Palestine, but he chooses that sad episode of deceit and suffering—the Children's Crusade.—Quitting historical fiction, here is Mr. G. Manville Fenn again ready to excite the envy of nature-loving boys over the good luck of "Nat the Naturalist" (Blackie). Such intimate acquaintance with the feathered tribe of the Southern Seas falls to the lot of few, but all may appreciate the scraps of ornithological information given in so bright a vein.—As, however, this exciting fare does not suit all palates, here are two satisfactory tales of British school and home-life. The frank upright hero of "The Three Chums," by M. L. Ridley (Shaw), is a capital example not too "goody" to be followed; while younger lads may find out the evils of having too much of their own way from Yotty Osborn's narration of "Garrick" (Shaw).

This time the stories for girls are decidedly mediocre. Most of the best writers are absent, or are very slightly represented, like Miss Alcott, who from overwork can only send the mere scraps of "Proverb Stories" and "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving" (S. Low). Some of these are reprints, but are pretty enough in a sketchy way, depicting Transatlantic village life.—This same theme is utilised in "Nettie and Kate," by F. L. M. (Hodder and Stoughton), a story of strong religious tone.—Decidedly superior to the rest is Miss Emily Holt's "Red and White" (Shaw), another of those sketches of Old England in which the authoress is thoroughly at home. Choosing the exciting period of the Wars of the Roses, Miss Holt introduces many famous characters, while her care for historical truth and for accurate details of mediæval life further recommend a really entertaining novelette.—Miss Doudney and Mrs. Molesworth are both occupied with naughty children; but while the former spoils the moral of a pleasing story by killing poor "Anna Cayave" (Hatchards) just as the child is improving, the latter leaves her provoking "Rosy" (Macmillan) on the high road to reform and happiness. As usual Mrs. Molesworth makes her tiresome heroine a most attractive piece of mischief.—Very taking also is the small damsel of "Heidi's Early Experiences" (Sonnenschein), whose free mountain life is prettily told by Johanna Spyri. Two further Teutonic specimens are not so successful. Berthold Auerbach's style suffers considerably by the English rendering of "Two Stories" (Sonnenschein), while Sonnenburg's martial narrative, "The Hero of Dantzic" (Partridge), is so badly translated by Luigi as to be perfectly ludicrous at times. Luigi should take a hint from Mr. A. Alberg's translation of "Old Norse Fairy Tales" (Sonnenschein), a delightful collection of Swedish folk-lore, gathered from the peasantry by G. Stephens and H. Cavallius, and illustrated by E. Lundgren. Many familiar traditions of other countries appear among these Scandinavian myths, which are fitly supplemented by the stories of the Northern gods, "Tales from the Edda," told by H. J. Zimmern (Sonnenschein), and a reprint of Mrs. Paull's translation of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" (Warne), including several new tales, and plentifully illustrated by a Danish artist.

Plays for children's theatricals are so scarce and uninteresting that K. Freilgrath Kroeker's dramatic version of "Alice Through the Looking Glass" (Sonnenschein), and other fairy stories, is thoroughly welcome. Though long the plays are not difficult to learn, but the stage arrangements seem rather too elaborate.

The story of the four seasons is told somewhat frequently at this time of year by varieties of calendars and almanacks, but in no more charming style than by two volumes before us. Following the fancy of the age for humorous and tastefully coloured drawings allied to slight verses, Mr. R. Dudley in "Monthly Maxims" (De La Rue) represents the characteristics of the months and year in amusing and artistic fashion. True, his pen is not always so happy as his brush, but there is genuine fun in his designs, which form a diverting col-

lection in their handsome cover of white vellum and gold tracery. Of more sober tone are the black and white studies, illustrating the course of the seasons in "The Changing Year" (Cassell). The book is full of fascinating "bits" of land and water, of graceful floral designs, and tiny vignettes of country and domestic life, the small engravings being ingeniously combined to encircle the accompanying ballads from modern poets. Perhaps the figure scenes are the least satisfactory.

Certainly the prevailing taste for annals of exploration is well supplied. Only last week we mentioned two works condensing recent discoveries, and now here is a fresh contribution of similar character, "Modern Explorers" (Cassell). Mr. Frost's compilation, however, is on a larger scale, and further differs, not only by its plentiful illustrations, but by including two journeys rarely mentioned in similar works—the travels of MM. Garnier and de Lagrée in Indo-China, and M. Paul Marcey's explorations in Peru. By-the-by, surely Mr. Stanley's signature is too well-known for Mr. Frost to continue the mistake of heading his article "Edward M. Stanley." Some of the foes met by the explorers are Dr. Andrew Wilson's theme in "Wild Animals and Birds" (Cassell), picturesque and life-like sketches of the world in fur and feathers. Dr. Wilson writes studiously for the popular taste, and the results of personal observations, supplemented by extracts from good authorities, make up a highly interesting volume. The illustrations are particularly good, as, indeed, in most of Messrs. Cassell's publications, whether for the elders or the young people. Look, for instance, at the capital engravings of "A Parcel of Children," which Olive Patch pleasantly describes in story guise. Such books will steadily hold their own even against the present fashion of coloured illustrated juvenile works, though the latter, like "The Children's Kettledrum," by M. A. C. (Dean), may be so popular as to reach a reprint. This year "The Kettledrum" appears in reduced size and with fresh colouring, and with it various prettily coloured short stories of the "Rose" and "Lily" Series (Dean).—Some comical picture-books are contributed by Mr. C. Harrison, and although his views of nursery-couplets, "Rhymes and Jingles" and "Grandma's Nursery Rhymes" (Dean) are somewhat broadly humorous, they will probably please little people as well as more refined fun. These are decidedly better than his "The Prince and the Penny" (Dean), which has evidently taken burlesque Princes and Princesses for its model.—That mischief which is always found "for idle hands to do" may be averted by T. Pym's "Pretty Pictures for Little Paint Brushes" (Shaw)—a judicious investment for mothers; and as the military enthusiasm of the period is sure to be echoed by the boys, "Our Soldiers and Sailors in Egypt" (Routledge), by R. Simkin, will give them a clear idea of the character and equipment of our late expeditionary force. For so small a pamphlet this is really an excellent book, and well illustrated to boot.

Village libraries will be glad of four practical tales of humble life. One has the merit of truth, for the pathetic history of "Poor Mike" (Warne) is founded by Mr. Hocking on an episode in real life, while "Sea-Waif" (Warne) is just another of those homely tales of cottage life which the same author tells with simple art.—Cheerful content and honesty are the lessons of "Count Up the Sunny Days" (Wells Gardner), by C. A. Jones; while the evils of drink and irreligiosity are forcibly taught by M. E. Winchester in "A Wayside Snowdrop" (Seely).

The nursery audience will appropriate the remaining literature, alike the tales of "Pussy Cat Pur" and its companions in large print (Sonnenschein) and the numerous tiny illustrated stories, packed tight in the boxes of the "Sunbeam" and "Oakleaf" Libraries (Warne), while the little ones will soon learn by heart the pretty simple verses of Miss Coxhead's "Birds and Babies" (Kegan Paul), with its merry drawings.—The annuals on our table include "Good Words" and "The Sunday Magazine" (Isbister), "The Prize" and "Chatterbox" (Wells Gardner), "Our Darlings" (Shaw), "The Welcome" (Partridge), "Little Wide Awake," and "Every Boy's" and "Every Girl's" Annuals (Routledge), "Sunshine" (Stoneman), "Our Little Ones" (Griffith and Farran), and "Peter Parley's Annual" (Cassell), the last named containing the usual complement of various stories—told this year by dogs.

THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS

ALTHOUGH the interest in meteorology is deep and wide spread now, as compared with that which existed a few years ago, yet it is characterised by a certain impatience of details which leaps at conclusions, before being quite assured that they certainly follow from the premisses. This spirit of impatience has evil results both on observers, and on weather prophets. People cannot understand the need of insisting with such pedantic minuteness on the accuracy of instruments, and on keeping a most exact record of their readings. Weather prophets, again, in response to the spirit of the times, are often hasty in sending out forecasts without having fully considered all the minutæ which should enter into the determination of their prediction. The consequence is that the value of exact and careful observation is often greatly underrated, and the somewhat wearisome, but yet needful work of collecting and examining the results of observation, is looked upon as the dull work of pedants.

Yet sometimes the observers who have spent much time and patience in collecting materials have their reward. They are able to show that certain very tangible results have been reached as the fruit of their labours, which, but for those labours, long continued, would never have been attained.

The Scottish Meteorological Society have recently published some papers on the climate of the British Islands, along with illustrative charts, which show in the most interesting manner the valuable results which can be reached by comparing the observations of many years. The amount of labour which went to the attaining of these results may be judged from the fact that returns were obtained and collated from 295 stations within our islands, of which 128 were in England, 147 in Scotland, and 20 in Ireland. The results of the careful comparison of observations made at these stations is that the charts issued represent the average of the twenty-four years between 1857 and 1880.

At some stations observations have been carried on daily for a very much longer period. Thus we are able to compare the results of the average of twenty-four years with those obtained by observations taken in London for a hundred, and with those in Aberdeenshire extending over ninety-nine years, and at Rothesay reaching to eighty years.

It is interesting to note, as regards barometrical pressure, that the mean pressure of the last twenty-four years, when compared with the mean of the longer periods which we have named above, scarcely presents the slightest variation. The extreme departure of any month in the last twenty-four years,—from the average of the corresponding month in the longer period,—a hundred years, does not exceed half a tenth of an inch.

This means that from generation to generation, and from one century to another, the barometrical pressure holds practically the same. And when we remember how closely the rainfall and the direction of wind are associated with the reading of the barometer, the significance of this constancy of the barometer is at once apparent. Our weather, with great variations between one year and another, when any two years are compared, yet succeeds in striking an average which is practically constant, when the results of many years are brought together.

In some of the months it is true that there are minute variations

between the average of recent years and the longer average, and it is rather interesting to note in which month these variations are most marked. In London the average barometer of the last forty-one years is lower in October than the pressure of the October of the last hundred years, by '027 of an inch; it is higher in November by '027, and in December it is higher by '033 of an inch. So that supposing the general character of the weather follows the barometer it would appear that in recent Octobers we have had worse weather in London than in the old time, and finer, or at least less stormy, weather in November and December.

Again in the North of Scotland, or Aberdeenshire, the comparison of the last forty years with the preceding hundred shows a lower barometer in January by '028 of an inch, a lower in June by '026 of an inch, a lower in October by '018 of an inch, and a higher in November by '035 of an inch. It would thus appear that all over the kingdom, both north and south, the atmospheric conditions of October have changed for the worse in more recent years, while November has improved both in the north and in the south, and the changes in the other months are unequally distributed.

Another very interesting feature of the weather chart is to notice the manner in which the barometrical pressure varies from month to month within our islands: a mean pressure of 29'900 may be taken as the average pressure over the British Islands during the last twenty-four years. But the isobar varies in its position from month to month. In March it reaches its most southern position; then the mean reading of 29'900 crosses England from Pembroke to Colchester, while the mean reading for the North of Scotland is 29'78; but by April the isobar of 29'900 is found running from the south-west of Ireland in a north-easterly direction to the Firth of Forth; and in the month of May it has shifted its position to the extreme north of the Shetland Islands. It immediately commences its motion southwards, though at a much more leisurely rate than it travelled northwards, and by October it has gone back into much the same position as in March in the east of England, but has travelled farther south on the west, for it now rests over the Land's End instead of over Pembroke.

There is always some recovery of pressure in November; but it goes southwards in December again, and so remains in the south till March, when it begins its spring journey to the Shetland Islands once more.

When years happen, as of course they do, in which those means are not maintained, as, for instance, a month of May in which the mean pressure does not travel northwards, but remains in the south, then that May will be distinguished by having less of east wind and more of moisture and genial heat than the average of Mays, but certain to compensate for its warmth by a special cold period in some future May, for the barometrical average of May, both in the north and the south, is very constant.

Still more interesting than the records of the barometer are the results of comparing the records of the thermometer over our islands during many years. These results are exhibited in a series of charts which show the mean temperature of all parts of our island for every month throughout the year. One valuable result of these charts will be to show to invalids where they are most likely to obtain within the British Islands the safest retreat during the chills and rain of the winter months. And as far as regards the whole of the east coast, from Wick down to the mouth of the Thames, the answer is conclusive. Nowhere there, or near the east coast, can the invalid hope to find mild weather from November to March.

It is a very singular fact, brought out by these meteorological statistics, that in the month of January there is not a variation of more than a degree between the mean of the extreme north-east point of Scotland at Wick, and the extreme south-east point of England at the mouth of the Thames. The figures vary over all that space, between 37'5 and 38'5, but whenever we begin to go westwards along the coast, the influence of the Atlantic at once begins to be felt. Thus, at Dover, the mean of January has risen to 40°; at Worthing it is 40'4, at Bournemouth it is 41'2, at Torquay it is 42'9, at Falmouth it is 44'6, and in the Scilly Islands the mean temperature of January is as high as the mean of London in the beginning of April. The average of the South of Ireland is even higher than that of the south-west of England. But not on this account should the invalid venture to face the rough winds of January in Cornwall or in County Clare.

The mild atmosphere is then charged with an excess of vapour, which blots out the sun, and drowns the earth in almost ceaseless rain. Rather between Dover and Portland are the spots to be chosen, which will combine a genial temperature in winter, with frequent sunbeams and a minimum of showers.

On the other hand, it is interesting to note where are the spots within the British Islands which can claim the largest share of summer heat. London, which as regards winter temperature is left far behind, and is rather to be avoided than chosen, occupies the very first place as the warmest spot in our islands in the height of summer. A line drawn from Greenwich to Camden Town will have within it a mean temperature for July of 64'6 to 64'5; and that is the highest average within our islands. But an irregularly shaped space, which includes the western part of Kent, the whole of Surrey, part of Sussex, part of Hampshire, and the whole of Berkshire, enjoys a summer temperature in July of over 64°, while at Ventnor the average is 2'3° lower, and at Brighton one degree lower.

Any considerable variation from these summer means must necessarily have an immense influence on the ripening of the crops and fruit, as well as on the general health of the population, and doubtless through the accumulation of exact statistics we shall be able in the future, with far greater confidence than ever, to foretell the effect of minute variations of temperature on the health and prosperity of the country.

A. C.

GOOD HIGHLAND WHISKY

POPULAR though Scotch and Irish whisky is now becoming all over England, it was with difficulty that one could find a country hotel where it was kept fifty years ago. Even the name does not seem to have been known in Dr. Johnson's time, at least it is not to be found in his Dictionary, but perhaps the Gaelic name *uisge beatha*, not being then Anglicised to *whisky*, was unworthy of the notice of "this great man," the hearty hater of Macpherson and everything Gaelic.

For long enough from the time of Noah, wine seems to have been the only known intoxicating beverage. But when it was found that Egypt's vineyards were not sufficient to yield wine enough for Egypt's people, necessity became the mother of invention, and "barley wine," or what a Highlander would call "barley bree," was the result. And this barley wine, it is said, became very popular with the Egyptian lower classes. Arnoldus de Nova Villa, a chemist of the thirteenth century, was the first who distilled wine, and when he drank of it he said that essence of wine was a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Burns sings just the same of Scotch whisky:—

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear,
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care,
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair;
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

The manufacture and use of whisky must have been introduced into the Highlands at a very early age, as in the earliest written Highland histories it is told that the chiefs kept bowlfuls of it on their tables (there were no excisemen in those days), and from these the guests might help themselves at will, and thus heredity

and the damp climate may explain how Highlanders can stand so much of it. Highlanders themselves say that heredity has nothing to do with it, and jocularly assert that whisky has little effect on the heads of those who can talk Gaelic, and that two or three glasses make an Englishman drunk, just because he can't talk Gaelic.

The difference between Highlanders and Lowlanders, now happily dying out, was previous to the Rebellion of 1745 very marked, and is well portrayed in Scott's "Waverley," and in their drink they were no less different than in their sentiments, for while the Lowlander contented himself with his twopenny ale, nothing short of undiluted whisky satisfied the other. From that time to this, whisky has been growing more and more popular, and the best praise that a landlord can often give his whisky is just to affirm that it is *real Highland stuff or real peat reek*.

Though most whisky is now made from barley, yet it can be, and is, made from wheat, oats, potatoes, and beet, and a very good whisky is said to be made from heather blooms, but as the race of hard-up smugglers who used the heather bloom has become defunct, it is now next to impossible to "prie" a drop of it. The first step in the manufacture of whisky is to place bruised malt in a mash pan containing water at a temperature of 170°. After undergoing agitation and repose for a few hours this wort is drawn off and cooled quickly. The pan is again two-thirds filled, and the same process is repeated. It is then put into vats, and good porter yeast is added in the proportion of about one to one hundred gallons. Of course the quantity of saccharine matter converted into alcohol, and hence the quality of the whisky, depends on the exact amount put in. In less than five hours bubbles appear all over the surface, and nearly sixty hours elapse ere the vats are tranquil again. This *wash*, for such it is now called, next undergoes the final operation of distillation in an apparatus which is simply an adapted enlargement on the stills to be seen in any chemist's shop. In most Highland distilleries the quality and strength rather than the quantity of the whisky produced is the object aimed at, and to secure this it is distilled over and over again that it may be freed from water and all fetid oils. And perhaps this care in distillation helps its popularity quite as much as the peculiar aroma which it derives from the mossy mountain water put into the mash pan, and the peat used in the distillery fires.

Whisky becomes milder and mellower with age, and is by no means best when new, notwithstanding that a Highlander on one occasion affirmed, when told that the dram which he had just swallowed was seven years old, "Ach, well, sir, I would never know that, it tastes as good as new."

When smuggling was more common and whisky was much cheaper than it now is, one could scarcely go into a Highland home in which "the bottle" was not kept for the use of any stranger who might call, or to be at hand in the event of any of the family getting ill. In order to give it a better flavour wild cherries or cloves were sometimes put into the bottle, and there they remained year after year flavouring bottleful after bottleful. Two or three years ago a Royal duke was shooting in the Highlands. About luncheon time he happened to be near the keeper's house, into which he was heartily invited. The Duke consented, and was soon introduced to the good wife as His Royal Highness, &c. After a few minutes' conversation the bottle with the cloves was duly produced, and a glass was poured out, of which the Duke did not seem particularly anxious to partake, but she was resolved not to be put off the pleasure of drinking with Royalty, so she pushed the glass a little nearer him, and said, "Take up your glass, your Royal Height; it's good Hielan' whusky, sir."

Indeed, in every respectable house it is considered the proper thing to have a well-filled decanter on the table, and it looks as if there was some truth in the story of the parishioner who, when rebuked by his minister for asking whether there would be whisky in heaven, excused himself by saying, "Och well, sir, it's no that I care for it, only I was thinking it would look decent on the table." On special occasions, such as births, marriages, deaths, or New Year's festivities, a considerable extra supply is brought into the houses of even the poorest, and before partaking of any of it, "grace" is generally said; and it is reported that when on one occasion an aged Highlander was asked to become a total abstainer, he replied, "Indeed, no; for whisky never does me any harm when I say grace before it, and it is only when I don't say grace that I get drunk." And we may add that it is very probable that the morning following a market the same fellow would have to say, while rubbing his head, "Och ahnee, whusky is bad, and especially bad whusky."

Though a considerable number of Highlanders have now donned the Blue Ribbon, yet still to the great majority of them whisky, like money, never comes at a bad time, be it early morn or dewy eve. And while Highlandmen smack their lips, and after partaking of their morning dram, sincerely say, "Shard me sud" (I'm the better of yon), there is little hope of the success of any temperance movement in their midst. And that they do believe this, was amply shown to the sportsman who, on the 12th of August last, asked his keeper whether he would prefer to have with him on the moors a flask of whisky or a substantial luncheon, and got for reply, "Well, you see, sir, if we had a luncheon we would be the better of some whisky after it; and if we are to have no luncheon, whisky is good in the place of it."

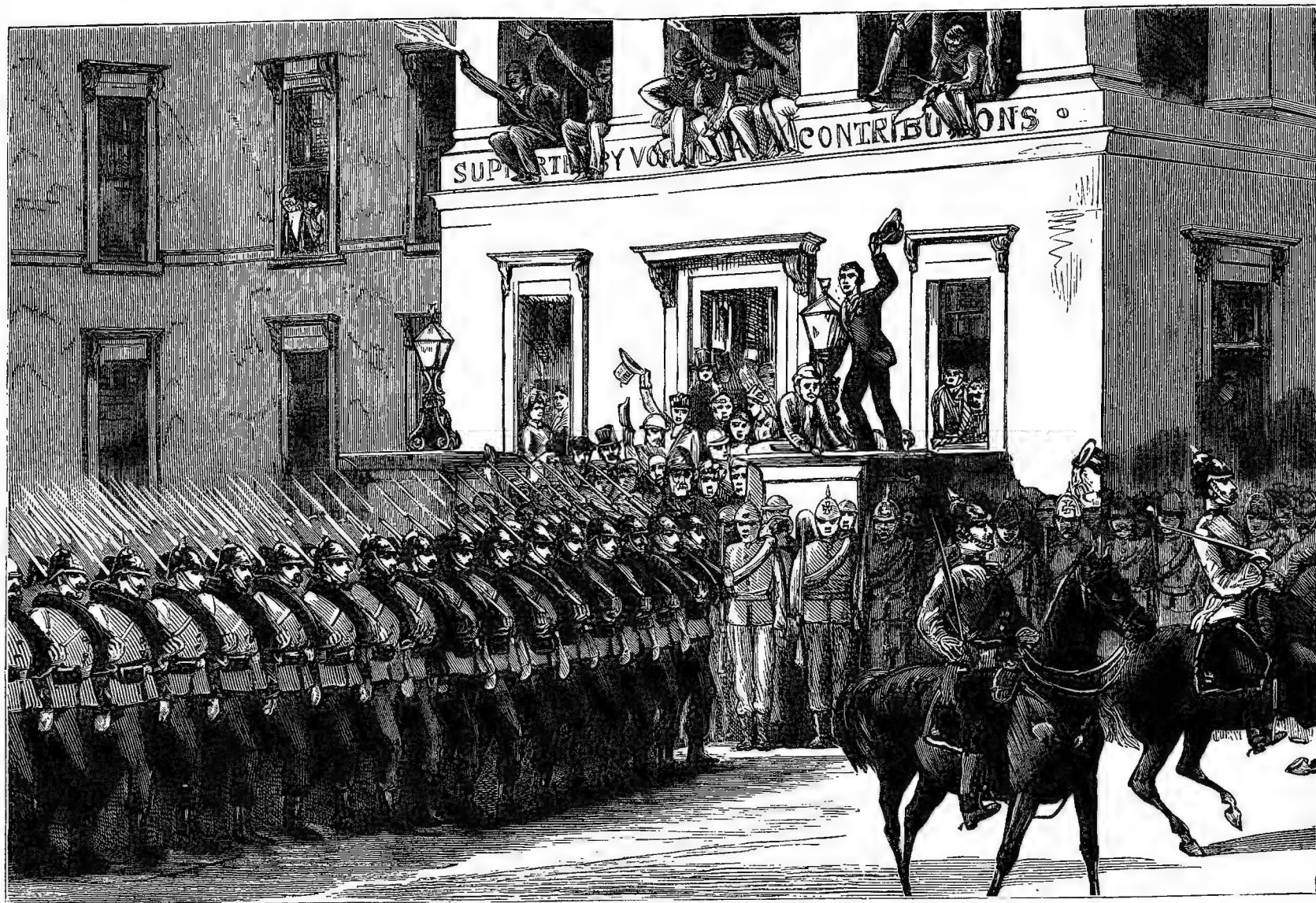
A. P.

AN INTERESTING JUBILEE MEETING recently took place at Niagara Falls. In August, 1832, eleven schoolboys visiting the Falls agreed to meet there again if alive in fifty years' time, and in August, 1882, seven of the party kept their appointment, accompanied by their wives and children.

CONNOISSEURS OF ITALIAN WINES will be glad to hear that the recent floods in Italy have not spoiled the vintage, which was over before the rains began. The supply of grapes was so abundant that the vine-growers had not sufficient vats to contain them all, and much fruit was left on the vines in consequence. Chianti will be especially good. Three kinds of grapes are used in the manufacture of this wine, and it is being sold at a very low rate.

CURLY HEADS AND THE FASHIONABLE "FRINGES" so widely adopted by ladies of the present day have received the anathema of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. For some time past the Montreal clergy have started a crusade against extravagant dressing, and the Bishop of Montreal publicly denounced in his cathedral the modern luxurious habits; but now a brother prelate, Monsignor Laféche, of Three Rivers, issues a Pastoral positively forbidding the ladies of his diocese to wear curls—or, in Transatlantic parlance, "banged" hair—and to indulge in light or dance music, on Sunday, while further commanding them to dress in a quieter and less noticeable style.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS IN CIRCULATION at the end of last year numbered 4,413. Of these ninety-eight were older than the present century. Among them were the *Frankfurter Journal*, 261 years old; the *Magdeburg Zeitung*, 253 years; the *Leipziger Zeitung*, 221 years; the *Jenaische Zeitung*, 207 years; the *Augsburger Post Zeitung*, 195 years; the *Gothaische Zeitung*, 190 years; the *Vossische Zeitung*, 159 years; the *Berlin Intelligenzblatt*, 128 years; the *Kölnische Zeitung*, eighty-four years. There are 200 newspapers averaging from eighty to fifty years; 1,127 from fifty to twenty-one years; 1,542 between twenty and six years; and 1,380 between five years and three months old.

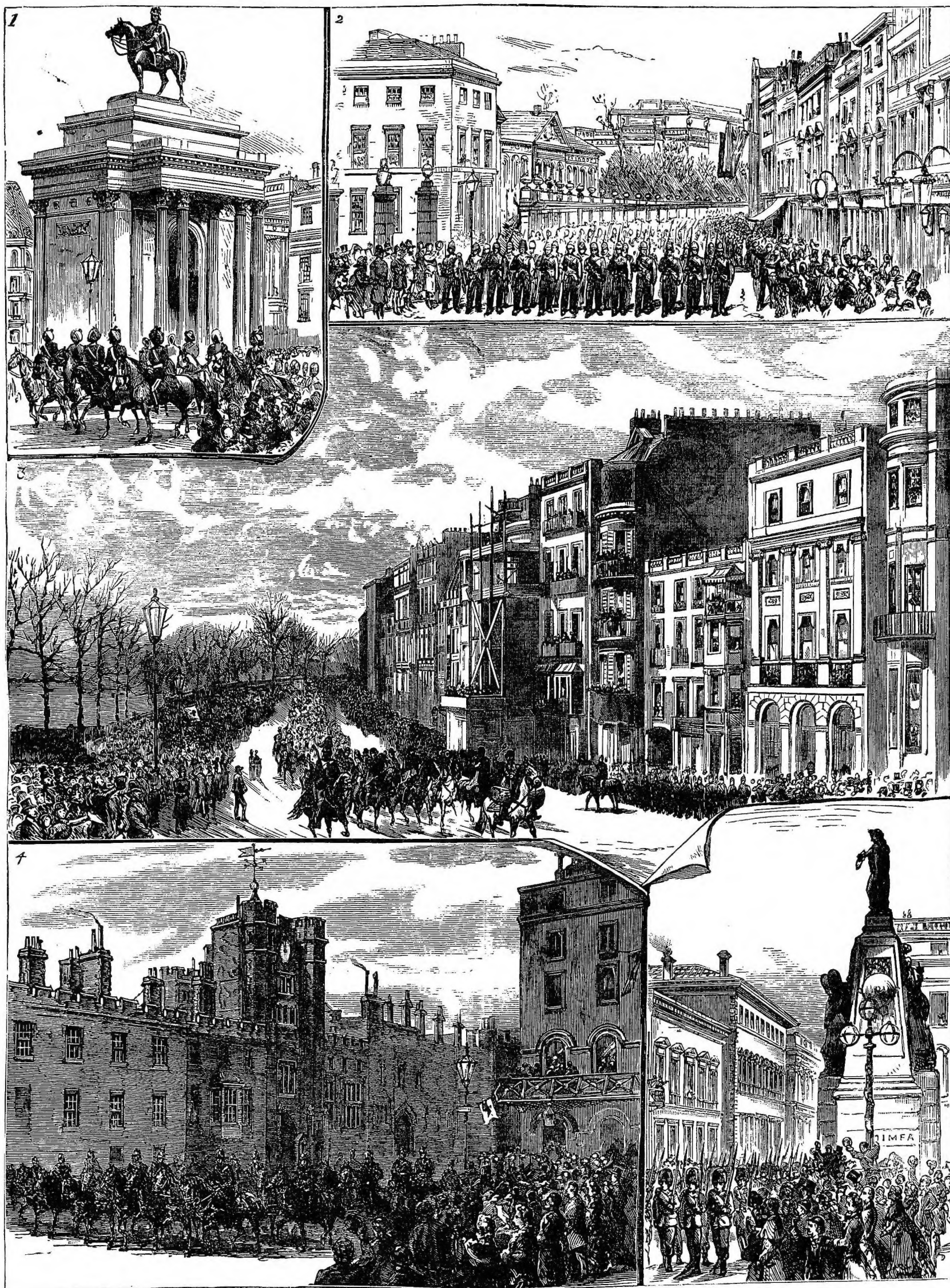


THE ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY PASSING ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY IN THE MALL

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT



1. Wellington Statue.—2. Buckingham Palace Road.—3. Piccadilly.—4. St. James's Palace.—5. The Guards' Memorial, Waterloo Place.

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—PICTURESQUE POINTS ON THE LINE OF MARCH



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—“War March from *Athalie*” (Mendelssohn) an unusually good arrangement of this very popular March, for the pianoforte and organ, is by J. W. Elliott.—Organists will find a valuable addition to their musical library in “The Organ Works of John Sebastian Bach,” jointly edited by J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., Oxon., and James Higgs, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Book II. is quite equal to its predecessors; it contains Preludes, Fugues, and Trio thoroughly well chosen and arranged. We advise students to study the preface, which contains a fund of valuable information.—No. 2 of “Original Compositions for the Organ,” by Gustav Merkel, consists of “Andante B flat,” “Allegretto D,” and Andante G.” They are numbered A B C; we prefer A if there be any choice in the matter.—Book III. of “Soft Voluntaries for the Organ,” composed by George Calkin. We can well recommend this selection to all working organists, more especially Nos. 15 and 16; the former is a charming and flowing melody in E flat, the latter a beautiful “Adagio” in B flat.

W. CZERNY.—“The Angel of Bethlehem,” a Biblical picture for voice, pianoforte, and organ, by Eduard Lassen. A grand song, worthy of the grand subject; we prefer the arrangement of this work for three ladies’ voices; it is almost too much for a solo; the parts can be trebled with excellent effect.—Six more of W. Czerny’s

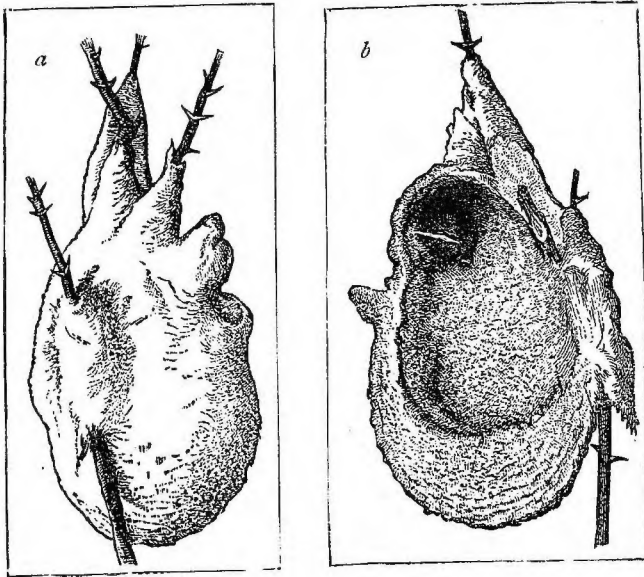
Family Herald, music by Thomas A. Matthay; both words and music are bright and sparkling.—A short and brilliant “Scherzetto” for the pianoforte and violin, by Maude Valérie White, should be learned and played by heart; it will surely please.—“Two Sonatinas,” by Oscar Beringer: No. 1, in F, No. 2, in B flat: are thoroughly good studies for pianoforte students who mean well.

THE BIRD WORLD OF SOUTH AFRICA *

BIRD-LIFE in the southern portion of the Dark Continent finds a sympathetic historian in Dr. Emil Holub. Wandering through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal to the Zambesi, the Austrian traveller enjoyed rare opportunities of studying animal life in its most natural aspects, and readers of his “Seven Years in South Africa” will remember the keen interest he took in every branch of natural history. The fruit of these observations now appears in “Contributions to South African Ornithology,” from which we reproduce several illustrations. A born naturalist, Dr. Holub does not treat birds as mere specimens of plumage, and of some particular genus; he loves to watch them in their haunts, to note their characteristics in freedom, and thus his descriptions are animated and life-like. All this information, however, was gathered with infinite trouble. He was very poor, was so ill at one time that he was forced to turn back from the Zambesi, and—worst of all—lost his precious specimens and baggage by the overturning of a canoe. More fortunate than Dr. Schweinfurth, however, he managed to repair his loss, and brought home a splendid collection, including two new varieties of birds which he had discovered.

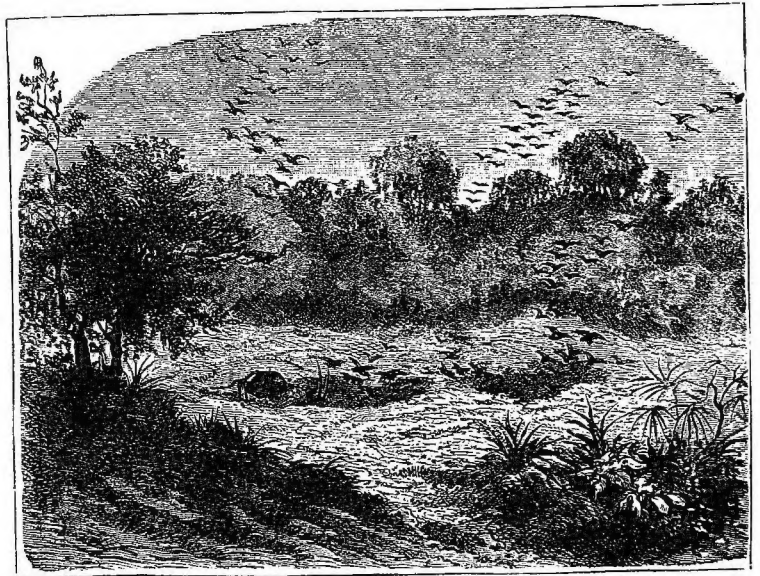
till not one is left. Their relatives, the common chimney swallows (*Hirundo rustica*), are nearly as busy. They are insect-hunting all day, and a curious sight it is to see them return home at sunset. When in the valley of the Hart River, on his return from the Zambesi, Dr. Holub camped on a slight eminence overlooking the swallows’ home—a marsh thickly overgrown with reeds. Suddenly, as the sun began to sink, dense dusky masses appeared on all sides, and an army of swallows swept like a thick cloud over the marsh, twittering violently. For some minutes they circled round and round, then, as the sun disappeared, they sank at once down to their homes. Like the swallows, the sand grouse (*pterocles variegatus*) resort to the water in flocks, though at other times they live in pairs, inhabiting the barren spots in wooded districts. In the afternoon they appear in crowds round the brooks and water holes, and swoop down rapidly without noticing whether any one is near. Thus they often suffer for their confidence. Whilst fluttering over the holes they repeatedly utter a long whistling note, all chattering at once. They are very good eating.

Even more numerous are the Nile or mountain-geese (*Chenalopex Aegyptiacus*), which are found nearly all over Africa. Noisy and greedy, they thrive well in confinement; but are so pugnacious that they will kill any stranger put in their pen. Nor in freedom will they allow any intruder on their feeding-grounds, and will even kill one of their own family which has been absent for some time. They are generally found in pairs, rarely in flocks, and are equally at home on the ground, or in trees, where they build their nests. These huge ungainly flat structures are a striking contrast to the graceful nest of the Cape Purse or Bag Titmouse (*Egithalus capensis*). Daintily woven of sheeps’ wool and

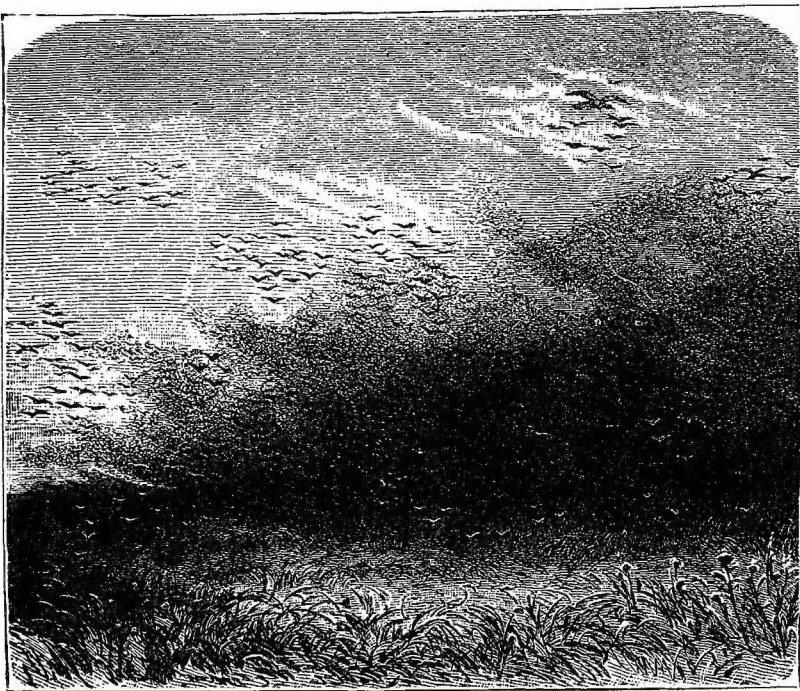


a. Side View.—b. Section of the Nest.

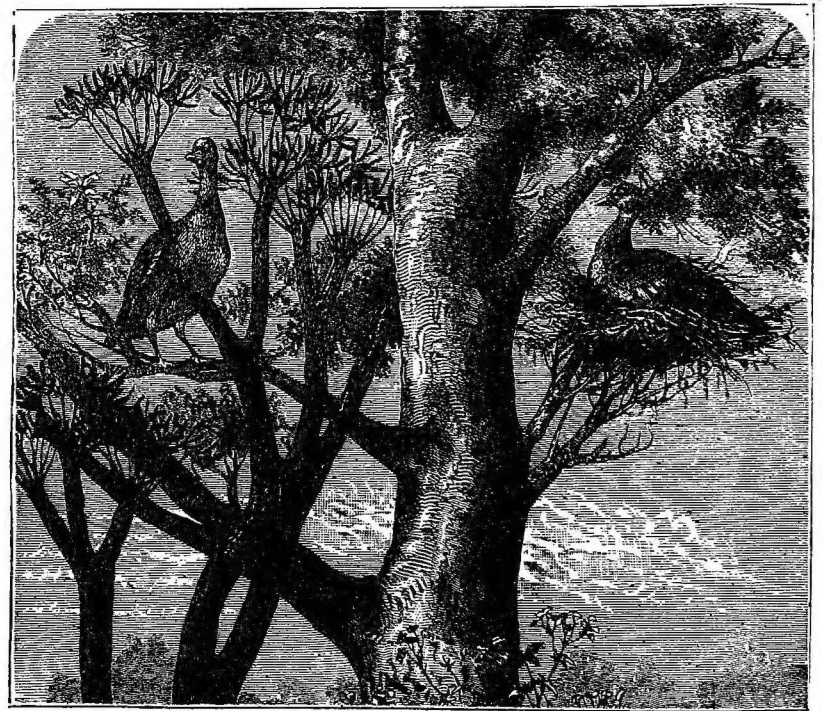
NEST OF THE CAPE PURSE OR BAG TITMOUSE



SAND-GROUSE SWEEPING DOWN TO DRINK AT A WATER-HOLE



PRAIRIE SWALLOW-FLOWERS FOLLOWING A LOCUST SWARM



NILE OR MOUNTAIN-GOOSE, WITH NEST

admirable “Collection of Two-Part Songs,” Nos. 4, 6, 7, and 9. “Our Merry Songs” (by Concone), “One Tiny Star” (by T. Bradsky), “Hushed in Silence” (J. B. Wekerlin), are the prettiest of the group, but there is much to admire in Nos. 5 and 8, “O’er the Woodlands” (J. B. Wekerlin), and “Christmas Comes Again” (E. Marlois).—“Tais-Toi, Pauvre Cœur,” a reverie for the piano, by Ignace Mihály, is very bright and taking—not too difficult for the generality of drawing-room players.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—“The Rain is Falling,” the pleasing poetry by Barry Cornwall; the music—which is much too cramped and difficult for the simple words—is by Constance Bache. This clever composer has done much better with “To My Love,” a poem by Burns, more generally known as “My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose,” which she has set to a very charming melody.—Another clever song, but decidedly difficult, is “Echoes,” words by Adelaide Procter, music by C. R. Tennant. The compass is from A sharp below the lines to G sharp above the lines.—Very quaint and original is a duet of the eighteenth century, entitled “A Proposal,” written and composed by Sidney Lever and Claud Trevor; it will take well at a People’s Concert, or we had nearly said Penny Readings, but they are quite out of fashion nowadays.—“When Love Doth Pace,” written and composed by W. A. Gibbs and Emily J. Troup, is a well-written but pretentious song for a soprano.—A Swedish poem, by Tegner, “Frithjof’s Gesang,” translated into German by G. Berger, music by Maude Valérie White, is a charming pianoforte piece, with a voice accompaniment.—“Sechs Liebeslieder von Heine,” translated into English and set to music by Arthur Herve, are pretty Germanesque little ditties.—“The Fairy’s Serenade,” a part-song, words from the

Since then Dr. Holub has worked assiduously to spread an accurate knowledge of South African ornithology, both by exhibiting his collections in various towns and by lecturing on his favourite theme. Preparations and study for the African tour on which he starts next spring have, however, left him no time to bring out the result of his researches in more extended form, and for the present he confines himself to one branch of the subject—the volume before us. But this book is in itself a valuable contribution to natural history, compiled as it is with so much care and minuteness. It is as readable for the general public as for the technical student, and while each bird is tersely described and its several names are given, drawings are supplied of the most interesting varieties. We can only wish the author health and opportunities to provide us with as interesting sketches of the land and of the feathered inhabitants north of the Zambesi as those he has already furnished of better known regions.

South African birds, Dr. Holub asserts, are more useful to men than those of any other Continent. They wage war on all the plagues which trouble the natives and colonists, killing venomous snakes, locusts, and ants, while the birds of prey effectually dispose of any carcasses which would otherwise taint the air. Thus, during summer-time, on the plains of the Orange or Vaal Rivers, curious grey clouds curl along the ground, like the beginning of a prairie fire. They are huge swarms of locusts—the farmers’ dread. But close behind them come the prairie-swallow-flovers (*Glaucola Nordmanni*), in dense flocks—as in our illustration—devouring the insects by thousands, following the swarm constantly,

* “Beiträge zur Ornithologie Sudafrikas,” von Dr. Emil Holub und August von Pelzenn. Wien, 1882.

hidden away in the thorniest mimosas, this nest is as ingenious as that of the weaver-birds. Usually it is supported by several twigs, as in our engraving, which shows both the side view and the interior of the nest. Purse-like in form, it is entered towards the top by a funnel-shaped opening, closed by a kind of flap. This is elastic, and underneath is a cavity where the female sits, surrounded by a ledge on which the male takes up his position during brooding-time to chatter to his mate or warn her of an approaching enemy.

Amongst the water-birds are numerous varieties of herons, which gather in flocks on the banks of rivers and ponds. Near Klerksdorp in the Transvaal, Dr. Holub watched one evening a flock of herons (*Ardea bubulcus*) sitting on the top of a willow overhanging the river Schoen. They generally fly into the trees when frightened or after a meal, and here they made a pretty picture—the slim snow-white birds, with yellow bills and darker feet, crowning the tree, a few houses and rocky heights in the distance. Presently a strong wind burst through the valley, and the birds had much trouble to keep their footing. These herons originally came from the Zambesi, like the Cape cormorants (*Graculus capensis*), though the latter are often seen on the coast. The cormorants, however, form a peculiar feature of the Zambesi, where they crowd together on the rocks standing out of the water. Those sketched by Dr. Holub were seen at the Makumba rapids of the river—so called from the chief of the Masupias. Carefully avoiding the deep water haunted by crocodiles, they would suddenly dive after a fish, and drifting a little way, would flutter on to the rock again, and spread out their wings to dry in the sun. The birds were by no means shy, and would allow a dog to come close.

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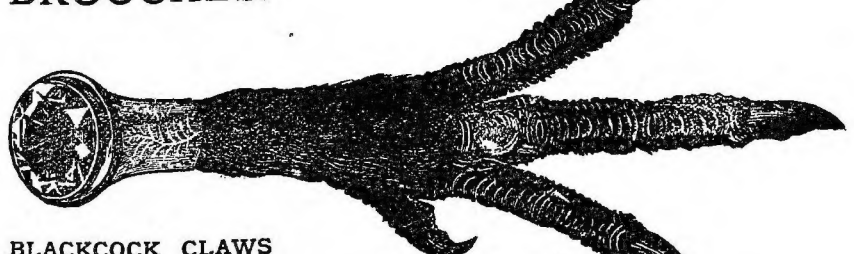
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